





DEATH

OF ABEL

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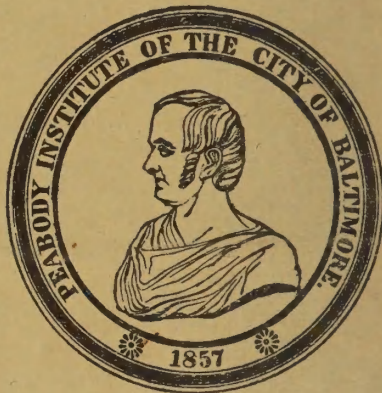


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ADAM & EVE LAMENTING IN THE DEEPEST AGONIES  
OF SORROW THEIR MURDERED ABEL.

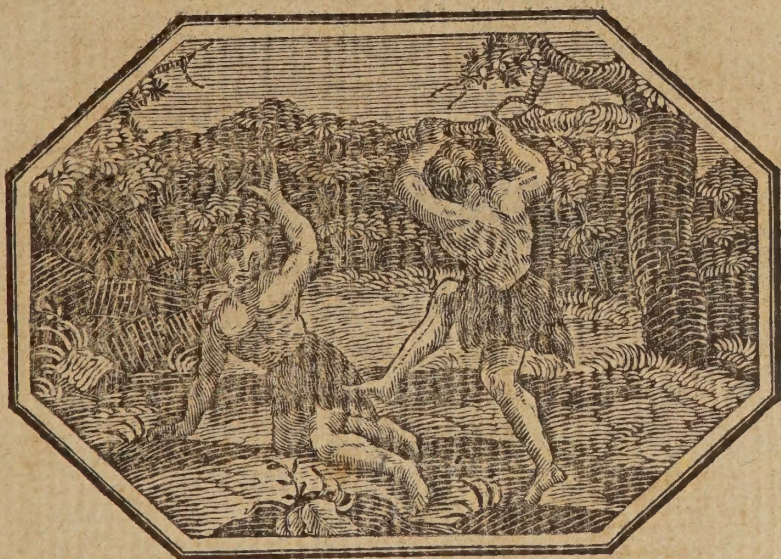


THE  
DEATH OF ABEL.

IN  
FIVE BOOKS,  
ATTEMPTED  
FROM THE GERMAN  
OF

MR. GESSNER.

First Baltimore Edition.



Baltimore:  
PRINTED AND SOLD BY WARNER & HANNA, AT THE  
BIBLE AND HEART PRINTING OFFICE.

1807.



102,054





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TO

THE QUEEN.

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*MADAM,*

**P**ERMIT me to lay at the foot of Your Throne this volume, which is an attempt to translate from Your Native Language a work deservedly admired. I am sensible it is but a faint representation of the glowing beauties of the excellent original: yet I flatter myself I have, in some measure, preserved the ideas, especially those which fill and warm the heart with the love of virtue. On this account, and on this only, I presume to hope for Your Majesty's favourable acceptance of the work.

Placed by the hand of Providence at an humble distance from the Great, my cares and pleasures are concentrated within the narrow limits of my little Family, and it is in order to contribute to the support and education of my Children, I have taken up the pen. Your Majesty's Patronage will undoubtedly insure my success: but I am far from hoping that You, Madam,

will give Your Royal Sanction to a performance that has no other merit to plead than the ill-judged though affectionate industry of a fond Mother. If I have attempted a task for which Nature never designed me, it is just that disappointment should teach me humility and wisdom, and I bow without repining to the stroke.

Confined as my situation is, I shared in the universal joy visible on every countenance on Your Majesty's safe arrival. The general satisfaction was a most auspicious omen in the beginning of your happy reign. May You, Madam, ever feel delight of giving joy to a brave and loyal people! May Your exemplary virtues, united with those of our beloved Sovereign, put wickedness to shame, and force vice to hide its head. May all ranks, influenced by Royal Precedent, and the Manners of Your Court, grow ashamed of licentiousness, inhumanity, profaneness, and dissipation! May the sincere gratitude and love of a reformed, united and happy people, render valuable the splendour of Your public station: while domestic peace, conjugal felicity, and maternal love, fill with tranquil delight your more retired hours! May you see, with transport, the rising virtues of your numerous Progeny! May You, Madam, to use the patriarchal language of my Author,—May You, full of days, and full of glory, after having beheld Your children's children flourish round



DEDICATION.

vii

You, late, very late, resign anearthly crown, to  
receive an everlasting diadem in the realms of bliss and  
immortality ! These are the ardent wishes of,

*MADAM,*

*Your's and his Majesty's*

*Most dutiful,*

*Most devoted,*

*And most obedient*

*Subject and Servant,*

*MARY COLLYER.*

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THE

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

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I NOW enter on a more sublime subject than has hitherto employed my pen, from a desire of knowing whether my abilities will bear a farther trial. This is a curiosity which ought to influence every man. The public are too apt to discourage a young poet who has succeeded in one branch of poetry, and are for confining him to that only in which he has been once successful, as his *NE PLUS ULTRA*; as if that alone was the very thing in which he could shew the whole strength of his genius, when, perhaps some external circumstance, or a mere accident, rather than any particular impulse determined his choice.

Though a poet who attempts the sublimer parts of poetry were not entitled to regard from the public, he would find himself amply rewarded in the happy execution of his voluntary task. To revolve a vast variety of things, to trace the motives of actions to their original source, to draw characters, and through intricate occurrences gradually to open interesting events, is at-



tended with a thousand pleasures. Nature is to him an inexhaustible magazine, whence true genius collects every material that can embellish his favourite object : then is the whole mind in action, and talents are awakened which would very probably have otherwise lain dormant and unknown.

But it will be said at this rate we shall have nothing to read but epic poems and tragedies. They who are apprehensive of such a misfortune should know, that when I say such compositions will give greater and more various pleasures than little pieces to the poets, I mean, it will also be the same with the reader. However, few have leisure or inclination for large performances : most men are taken up with occupations of a different nature ; many will chuse to pay their addresses to a less coy mistress than the epic muse ; and I dare prophecy we shall never be without master-pieces in every branch of poetry. Far be it from me to deprecate the light and sportive works of fancy ; for though I wish for more Homers, yet I think Æsop and Anacreon cannot be too much admired.

Some will be astonished, and others offended that I have taken for my subject a Scripture History. The latter I will suppose, are somewhat advanced in years, and have, by being immersed in business, and the arduous task of growing rich, been prevented from looking into

new books : these have a zeal for the honour of their religion, and retain all the prejudices they imbibed in their youth against poetry, having drawn their knowledge of that divine art from specimens, which a very few excepted, were neither worthy to be known or valued. A poet, in the times of their youth, was esteemed, even by sensible Germans, only as a droll follow, a kind of buffoon. But to those who have perused the Bible with so little sense of its beauties, as to make a sin of this undertaking, I have nothing to say : they must be void of taste, and to reason with them would be as ridiculous as to carry a lanthorn before the blind. It is to those who are capable of reflection I would now address myself. I would wish these to observe, that the works which made poets be considered in a contemptible light, were wrote in an age when poetry was in its wretched declension, and far from its original and genuine dignity. It has always been in the retinue of religion, and is of no small service to it, being the most energetic method of conveying sentiments of virtue and devotion. It affords a noble delight to the understanding ; it improves the heart, and excites to whatever is becoming and praise-worthy. But to answer these salutary purposes, even when it relaxes and sports, its wit must be decent and pure, and have a tendency to create a contempt for ribaldry and profaneness. Poetry of the loose kind I despise and detest from my very soul.



Under the conduct of prudence, virtue, and good manners, poetry may be allowed to take its subject from the great truth of our holy religion. What can be more proper for the exercise of genius than the sacred history? As Christians, we assent to its truth; as Christians, we are all equally concerned in its important events. The poet, if he has the happy art of illustrating the characters he draws from divine history with what is probable and pleasing, and placing them in an instructive view, will have an opportunity of conveying, in the clearest and most striking manner, the salutary influences of religion and piety in the hearts of all classes of men, and will be read with pleasure by people in every situation. If this be attempted by a head unequal to the task, such compositions, I allow, may do more harm than good: but is not this equally the case with all injudicious expositions?

This liberty with the sacred history, has been used in all nations; and among us, even at the time of the Reformation, none took umbrage at the dramatic pieces taken from the Scriptures; these were publicly allowed, though their principal merit was the good intention of their authors, the poetry being far from elegant.

But a new objector starts up, and cries—'At this rate the Bible will become a mere fable.' I would ask him, if this has been the fate of prophane history?

Homer and Virgil took the subject of their poems from ancient history ; but whoever thought of adjusting those histories by their poems? or who ever, in reading their works, imagined them to be historians, or considered them in any other light than as poets ?

There is yet another numerous class of people to whom I must pay my court : these are they who are too excessively polite to relish heroes who have a sense of piety ; who talk of religion, who are serious and affect neither raillery nor wit. Characters drawn from those exhibited in the days of thinking, must make a strange appearance to these sons of fashion. Such manners ! Such conversation ! To them my heroes will appear as odd creatures as those of Homer did to the French, who were offended that they were not Frenchmen. To these slaves of mode I would whisper it as a secret, that, being myself young, and, like them fond of applause, I will in order to obtain their suffrages, which are of mighty importance to my happiness, give this subject a new dress. I will introduce an amorous intrigue, for what is an epic poem without a love adventure ? Abel shall be a languishing petit maitre ; Cain, a rough captain of the Cossacks ; and nothing shall come from the lips of Adam, that is not in character from an hoary Frenchman, hacknied in the ways of the world.



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THE

## TRANSLATOR's PREFACE.

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THE work from which this is attempted was written by Mr. Gessner, of Zurich, in Switzerland. The rapidity of the sale does honour to the taste of the Swiss and the Germans, it having passed through three editions in one year.

The subject is the Death of Abel, which is the most remarkable event recorded in the sacred history from the Fall to the deluge. The poet has had the art to interest us in the distresses of our first parents and their immediate descendants, by the lively and affecting manner in which he manages the passions, and by the graces and truth he throws into his paintings, while he describes the simple manners of the first inhabitants of the earth.

All our author's works, of which this is the first that has been translated into English, are wrote in a kind of loose poetry, unshackled by the tagging of rhimes, or counting of syllables. This method of writing seems

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perfectly suited to the German language, and is of a middle species between verse and prose; it has the beauties of the first, with the ease of the last. It is not however peculiar to Mr. Gessner; for in this manner the great Fenelon wrote his *Telemachus*, of which the public will soon be favoured with an elegant translation by the able hand of Dr. Hawkesworth.

Of this attempt I am not qualified to speak were I to decry it, I should be deemed guilty of affectation; if sincere, I should certainly be arrogant and rude in offering it to the public, and to praise it would be presumptuous. But I will venture to say, that I flatter myself my copy has escaped any glaring deformity, though it may want many of the almost inimitable graces of the charming original. That painter must indeed be a dauber, who could make a disagreeable picture while he attempted to copy a Raphael or a Titian. Such as it is, I leave it to the candour of the reader, believing that, notwithstanding the loud cry of universal depravity, no one will, without just cause, and in mere wantonness of cruelty, condemn the assiduous efforts of a female pen.



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THE

# DEATH OF ABEL.

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BOOK I.

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HENCEFORTH repose in silence, thou soft pipe ; no more I render thee vocal ; no more I chant the simple manners of the rustic swain. Fain would I raise my voice to bolder strains, and in harmonious lays rehearse the adventures of our primeval parents, after their dreadful fall. Fain would I celebrate him, who, sacrificed by a brother's fury, his dust first mingled with the earth. Come, thou noble Enthusiasm ! that warmest and fillest the mind of the rapt poet, who, during the silent hours of night, contemplates in the gloom of the thick grove, or at the side of a clear stream, glimmering with the moon's pale lamp ; when seized by a divine transport, Imagination takes her flight, and with bold wing traversing the regions of created substances, penetrates into the distant empire of Possibilities, discovering with clear view the marvellous that captivates, and the beautiful that enchants. Loaded with treasure, she returns to arrange and construct her various materi-

als. Taught by reason to chuse and reject, she, with a wise œconomy, admits only what forms harmonious relations. Delightful employment! Laudable constancy! I honour the bard, who, to excite sentiments of virtue in the yielding heart, watches the nocturnal song of the grass-hopper till the rising of the morning star. Posterity will crown the urn of a poet, who consecrates his talents to virtue and to innocence: his name shall not be forgotten; his reputation shall bloom with unfading verdure; while the trophies of the proud conqueror shall moulder in the dust, and the superb mausoleum of the tyrant shall stand unknown in the midst of a desert, where human feet have made no path. Few, it is true, who have ventured on these noble subjects, have received from nature the gift of singing well; but the attempt is laudable: to it I consecrate all my moments of leisure, and all my solitary walks.

The tranquil hours had just given Aurora the tint of the rose, and dispelled the vapours of night that had hovered over the shadowy earth, while the sun beginning to dart his first rays behind the black cedars of the mountains, tinged with radiant purple the half-enlightened clouds, when Abel and his beloved Thirza, left their leafy couch, and repaired to a neighbouring bower, composed of interwoven jes-



samine and roses. The tenderest love and the purest virtue shone with mildest beams in the fine blue eyes of Thirza, and gave attractive graces to the carnation of her cheeks; while her fair locks, waving in ringlets on her snowy neck, and hanging with becoming negligence down her back, added to the beauty of her fine and delicate form. Thus she walked by the side of Abel, whose high forehead was shaded with ringlets of the palest brown, reaching no lower than his shoulders. An air of thought and reflection was agreeably mixed with the sweet serenity of his looks, and he moved with the easy grace of an angel, who, charged with the gracious behests of the Most High, becomes visible to the enraptured saint in an human form; but the veil he assumes is of such ravishing beauty, that through it shines the angel. Thirza, with a look of affection, and a tender smile, cried, "O my love! now the birds awake, and begin to chant their morning song, let me hear the hymn you yesterday sung in these smiling pastures, let me also join in the rapturous employment of praising the Lord. The melody of thy lips inspires my heart with an holy transport, and nothing can charm me more than to hear thee utter, in proper terms, the sensations I feel, but am unable to express," Abel, tenderly, embracing her, re-

plied, "My lovely Thirza, instantly I will grant thy request: I no sooner read thy wishes in thine eyes, than, with a lovers haste, I strive to fulfil them. They then seated themselves in the fragrant bower, whose entrance was gilded by the morning sun, and Abel thus began.

"Retire, O sleep, from every eye! Fly, ye hovering dreams! Reason again resumes her throne; again she illumines the mind, as the morning sun enlightens the fertile earth. We hail thee resplendent sun, who dartest thy beams from behind the cedars; thy friendly rays give light and colour to re-animated nature, and every beauty smiles with new-born graces.

"Retire, O sleep, from every eye! Fly, ye hovering dreams, to the shades of night! Where are now the shades of night? They have fled to the caves of the rocks; they wait us in the thick grove; we shall find them there, and be refreshed by their coolness during the sultry heat of noon. See where the new-born day first wakes the eagle; where, on the glittering summits of the rocks, and the shining sides of the mountains, the exhalations ascend and mix with the pure air of the morning, as the smoke of burnt-offerings arise from the altar. Thus nature celebrates the returning light, and pays to nature's God



the sacrifice of grateful praise. Praise Him all things that exist ; praise Him whose wisdom and goodness produced and preserves all. Ye springing flowers, exhale the sweets He gave you in his praise. Ye winged inhabitants of the grove, pour forth the warbling of your little throats to Him who gave you voice and melody ; while the majestic lion pays Him honour with the terrors of his mouth, and the caverns of the rocks resound His praise. Praise God, O my soul ! praise God the Creator and Preserver. Let the voice of man reach Thy throne, O Lord ! before that of Thy other creatures. In the grey twilight, at the dawn of the morning, while the birds and the beasts yet sleep, may my solitary song find acceptance, and invite the reviving creation to praise Thee, the Creator and Preserver. How magnificent are thy works, O God ! Wisdom and goodness are stamped on all. Wherever I turn my eyes, I perceive the traces of Thy bounty ; each sense is transported and conveys their infinite beauties to my ravished mind. O God, weak and frail as I am, fain would I attempt Thy praise. What induced Thee, Maker Omnipotent, for ever happy in Thyself, to call from nothing this gay creation ? What induced Thee, thou Self-existent, to form man out of the dust, and to give him the breath of life ; It was Thine infinite goodness : Thou givest him being, that

Thou mightest confer on him happiness. O smiling morn ! in thee I see a lively image of the work of the great Creator. When the sun disperses the vapours of the earth, and drives night before his steps, all nature revives with renewed lustre. The Almighty spoke ; darkness fled, and silence heard His voice : He commanded, and myriads of living creatures emerged from the teeming earth, fluttered in the air with variegated plumage, and rendered the astonished woods vocal with the praises of the beneficent Creator. Earth again hears the voice of her Almighty Maker : the heaving clods rise in innumerable shapes and burst into life and motion. The new-formed horse bounds o'er the verdant turf, and neighing shakes his mane ; while the strong lion, impatient to free himself from the cumbrous earth, attempts his first roaring. A hill teems with life ; it moves, it bursts, and from it stalks the huge unwieldy elephant. These are Thy works, O thou Omnipotent ! Each morn Thou callest Thy creatures from sleep, the image of non-existence ; they awake surrounded by Thy bounties, and join unanimous to chant Thy praise. The time will come, when Thy praise shall resound from every corner of the peopled earth : when Thine altars shall blaze on every hill, and man shall celebrate Thy wondrous works from the rising to the setting day."



Thus sang Abel, seated by his beloved Thirza. He ceased ; yet she, filled with the divine transport, seemed still to hear. At length, encircling him in her snowy arms, while her eyes beamed tenderness, she cried O my love ! the music of thy lips raises my mind to God. Thy endearing care not only protects my feeble body, but under thy direction my soul itself takes her flight : thou art her guide, amidst the obscurity of doubt and darkness : thy wisdom dissipates the clouds, and turns her astonishment into devout ecstasy. How often have I, inspired by gratitude, rendered thanks to God Most High, for having created me for thee, and thee for me, O my love ! unanimous in every wish, we were formed to bless each other."

While she spoke, conjugal tenderness diffused inexpressible graces on every word and every gesture. Abel remained silent ; but his softened look, while he snatched her to his bosom, and the tear just starting from his glistening eye, spoke unutterable love. Thus happy was man, thus pure his delights. The fruitful earth refreshed and fitted him for action by her bounties. Contented with necessities, he asks of heaven only virtue and health. Luxury and discontent had not yet filled him with insatiable desires, which, inventive of numberless wants, bury happiness

under a load of splendid miseries. An union of heart then formed to nuptial tye. No fear of wasting penury, or the frown of a tyrannic parent; no low ambition; no want of lands or gold, then kept the soft maid from the fond bosom of the youth she loved. These cares are thy gifts, O Luxury!

Abel and Thirza was still seated, when Adam and Eve entered the bower. They had listened with delight to the song of Abel, and had heard Thirza vent the effusions of her fondness. They now tenderly embraced their children, while their hearts expanded with parental affection, and lively joy glowed on their cheeks.

Mahala, Cain's spouse, had followed the foot steps of her mother, and had been witness of the happiness of her brother and sister. Her pure mind was free from envy, baleful passion! yet dejection sat on her countenance, a mild languor appeared in her eyes, sorrow had faded the bloom once seen on her now pallid cheeks. She had heard Thirza express her gratitude to Heaven for having been created for Abel, and he for her. Their mutual tenderness forced tears from her eyes, and sighs from her pained bosom, while sad remembrance drew the comparison between the two husbands. But soon she wiped away the pearly drops, and with a graceful smile en-



tered the bower, where, with cordial affection, she saluted her brother and sister.

At the same time Cain, passing by the fragrant shade, had heard Abel's melodious voice, and had beheld his delighted father tenderly embrace him. At this sight envy fixed her envenomed sting in his heart, and he, giving a furious look at the bower cried.—“What signs of joy are here! What fond caresses! I too might sing, were my days, like his, spent in idly reclining in the shade, while the flocks were sporting, or cropping the green herbage. But I am not made for singing. Rugged labour is my inheritance. Though I turn the glebe; though I break the stubborn earth, curst for my father's sin with barrenness, yet my fatigues meet no such fond rewards. Did my soft brother, but toil like me, one day, beneath the scorching sun, 'twould spoil his music; he'd trill no songs.—What, more embraces! How I hate this effeminate dalliance! But if that fair youth be pleased, no matter what I hate.”

Cain then with hasty steps walked on. He had been overheard, and his discontent had filled the happy family in the bower with deep concern. Mahala became still more pale, and dissolving in tears, sunk down by the side of Thirza; while Eve, reclining on her husband, lamented the obduracy of her first-born. “O

my much beloved parents ! (cried Abel) I will follow my unhappy brother ; I will embrace him, and say whatever fraternal love can dictate, to engage his affection : I'll try every art of persuasion to make him forget his anger : I will not leave him till he promises to love me. I have searched into the very bottom of my soul, to know by what means I may regain him, and find a way to his heart. Sometimes I have kindled his extinguished love ; but, alas ! too soon the gloom returns, and sullen sadness damps the sacred flame."

With troubled look, Adam answered—"I myself my beloved Abel, will go to your brother. Reason and paternal love shall unite their force to combat his obduracy : he will not, surely, resist the authority and tenderness of an afflicted father—O Cain, Cain, with what torturing cares dost thou fill my heart ? The tumult of tyrannic passions has chased from thy soul every sentiment of benevolence and virtue.—O sin ! fatal sin ! terrible is the desolation thou spreadest in the human breast. What gloomy presages torture my sad bosom, when I look through futurity, and behold thy ravages among my unhappy offspring !" Thus spake the father of mankind. Grief sat heavy on his venerable brow. He left the bower, and with hasty steps sought his first-born.



Cain beheld him coming, and, ceasing from his labour, thus began:—"What means this sternness in my father's look? It was with no such air of severity thou camest to embrace my brother. Why do thine eyes reproach me?"

"Thou wouldest not, my son, have read reproach in mine eyes (returned Adam) wert thou not conscious thou deservest it. Yes, Cain, thou deservest reproach, and thy offended father is come to thee in all the bitterness of grief."

"Without any love, (interrupted Cain) that sensation is reserved for Abel."

"With love also, (resumed Adam) Heaven is my witness, I love thee with a father's fondness. These tears, these inquietudes and anxious cares that agitate me, and no less her who brought thee forth with pain, have their source in the most affectionate love.—It is this tender love and concern for thy happiness, that casts a gloom over our days. It is this love that causes the silence of the night to be interrupted by our sighs and lamentations. O Cain, Cain, didst thou love us, it would be thy most earnest care to dry up our tears; and to dispel that cloud of grief which darkens our days, and fills them with horror. Ah! if thou still retainest in thy breast any regard for the Omniscent Creator,

to whom the inmost recesses of thine heart are open ; if the least spark of filial love to us, thy parents, still remain in thine obdurate soul, I conjure thee by that regard, and that love, to restore to us our lost peace : restore, O my son ! our extinguished joy.—Nourish no longer against thy brother, against thy brother who loves thee with a sincere affection, this ruthless hatred. He longs to embrace thee. Gladly would he clear from thy mind the tears of discontent with which it is over-run. O Cain ! thou wert my first-born, the beginning of my strength. When thine infant eyes opened to the light, I beheld thee with all the father in my heart. Wherefore then is thy soul disquieted ? Why does envy dwell in thy bosom, because I rejoice too in thy brother ? His refined and exalted piety drew from us tears of joy, and we in the sweet transport caressed him. The angels, who surround us, applaud every good action. The Almighty himself looks down from Heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grateful offerings of a thankful heart. Wouldst thou change the invariable nature of beauty and goodness ? This is not in our power ; and if it were, Cain, how must we be depraved, before we could wish to withstand the noble joy, the tender, the exquisite feelings, that high-raised devotion



and exalted virtue create in the enraptured soul ! Darkness, storms, and the thunders of Heaven call forth no gentle smile on the human countenance ; as little do the agitations of boisterous passions cause joy to spring up in the human heart."

Cain sternly answered—"Is reproach then all that I am to hear from my father's lips ? If my face does not always wear a pleasing smile ; if tears of tenderness do not follow each other down my cheek, am I for this to be branded with detestable vices ? Born with more firmness, bold enterprises and severe toils have ever been my choice. Nature has stamped on my forehead a manly gravity. I cannot weep or smile at every trifle. Does the towering eagle coo like the timorous dove ?

Adam, with majestic gravity, returned, "Thou deceivest thyself ; thou harbourst in thy bosom horrid sentiments that will rankle in thine heart, and render thee wretched, if they are not stifled. O Cain ! it is no manly gravity that is stamped on thy brow ; it is envy, sorrow, and gloomy discontent. These are seen in thine eyes ; the disturbance of thy mind is visible in thy whole deportment.—Thine inward dejection, O my son ! has spread a cloud over all thy prospects. Hence arise thy continual murmurs, thy peevishness and passion during the labours of the day :—

hence thy unsocial aversion to us : hence the black melancholy to which thou art a prey. Tell, oh, tell thine affectionate father what will give thee ease ! It is his ardent wish that thy days may pass serene as the vernal morn. What cause hast thou, O Cain, to be disquieted ? Are not all the springs of happiness open to thee ? Indulgent nature offers to thee all her beauties. The good, the useful, the agreeable, are they not thine as well as ours ? Why then dost thou leave the blessings of Heaven untasted, and complaine of wretchedness ? Is it because thou art dissatisfied with the portion of happiness the Divine bounty has been pleased to bestow on fallen man ? Is not every blessing the undeserved gift of infinite goodness ? Dost thou envy the lot of angels ? Know that the angels were susceptible of discontent, and, by aspiring to become gods, forfeited heaven. Wouldst thou arraign the dispensations of the Most High towards his sinful creatures ? While the whole creation, in universal concert, praise the Creator, shall guilty man, a worm sprung from the mud, dare to lift up his hand, and carp at Him whose infinite wisdom regulates the wide expanse of heaven ; to whom all futurity is present, and who, by his unerring providence, can cause evil to be productive of good ? Be cheerful, O my



son ! Cast far from thee this sadness and discontent : let it no longer disturb thy thoughts, no longer throw a frightful gloom over the natural serenity of thy countenance. Open thine heart to every social affection, and look with grateful complacency on all the innocent pleasures which Nature displays before thee."

"What need of all these exhortations! (cried Cain) Do not I know, that was my heart at ease, every thing around me would give me delight? But can I silence the storm, or bid the impetuous torrent flow in a placid stream? I am born of woman, and from my nativity sentenced to misery. On my unhappy head the Almighty has poured forth the cup of malediction. It is not for me Nature displays her beauties, nor do the streams of bliss, of which you take such plenteous draughts, flow for me."

"Alas! my son, (said Adam, with a voice rendered almost inarticulate by his strong emotions and his tears) 'tis but too true, that the Divine malediction was pronounced on all born of woman; but why, Oh! why should'st thou believe that God has poured on thee, our first-born, more of his wrath than on us, the first transgressors: No, this is not, this cannot be the case: Sovereign goodness contradicts it. No my dear son, thou wert not born

for misery ; the beneficent Creator never called any of his creatures into being to render them unhappy. Man may, indeed by his own folly, make himself wretched. If he suffers his reason to yield to impetuous passions, ignorant of true felicity, he may render his life a burden, and convert what is naturally good and salutary into a destructive poison. Thou canst not silence the storm, nor stop the rapidity of the torrent ; but thou canst dispel the clouds of discontent that obscure thy reason, and restore to thy soul its original light. Thou canst force into subjection every impetuous passion, every irregular desire ! Gain, O my son ! this noble victory over thyself, and it will refine thy sentiments ; thy whole soul will be illumined ; darkness and distress will vanish like the mist of the dawn before the solar ray. There was a time, my dear son, when I have seen even thee shed tears ; when, from the gratulations of conscience, joy has spread itself through all thy powers ; delightful fruit of virtuous actions ! I refer it to thyself, Cain, wert thou not then happy ? Was not thy soul, like the clear azure of the heavens, unclouded, unspotted. Recover that beam of the Deity, Reason ; let her clear light direct thy steps, and Virtue, her inseparable companion, will restore joy and permanent felicity to thy pu-



rified heart. Listen, O Cain! and comply with the advice of thy father. The first injunction that Reason lays on thee is, to embrace thy brother. With what joy will he receive thy endearments! with what tenderness will he return them!"

"Father, (replied Cain) when at the heat of noon I rest from my labour, I will embrace him. I cannot now leave the field. I promise I will obey thee, and embrace my brother: but while I breathe, my firm soul will never be dissolved to that effeminate weakness that so endears him to you, and makes your eyes run over with transport. To a softness like this we all owe the curse denounced against us, when, in paradise, you weakly suffered yourself to be overcome by a woman's tears. But what do I say? Dare I reproach my father? No, my venerable parent, I reverence thee, and am silent." Thus spake Cain, and returned to his labour.

Adam remained motionless, with his hands and eyes raised to Heaven. At length, in a tone of deep distress, he cried—"O Cain, Cain! I have deserved these cutting reproaches: but shouldst thou not have spared thy father? Shouldst thou not have forborne this cruel charge, which like a clap of thunder, shakes my tortured soul? Ah, me! thus will my latest posterity, when, immersed in sin,

they feel the pangs inseparable from guilt, rise up against my dust, and curse the first sinner."

Having thus spoke, Adam, with pensive eyes fixed on the earth, slowly withdrew.—The groans that burst from the agitated bosom of the afflicted father, now struck even this obdurate son with remorse, and he cried, gazing after him—"What a wretch am I! How could I reproach so good, so tender a parent! How have I loaded him with grief! I still hear his groans—I see him lift up his supplicating hands to Heaven.—Perhaps, vile as I am, he prays even for me; for me, who have torne his heart with keen distress! Oh, that I too could pray! but I am a monster—Hell is in my bosom, and, like a ravaging whirlwind, I destroy the peace of all around me. Return, O Reason, return! Return, O Virtue! Chase from my troubled soul these wild and darkening passions!—Still—still he prays. Oh, how his emotions reproach me!—His clasped hands are again raised in agony.—He seems spent.—I will at his feet implore his pardon. O my rash tongue, my rebellious heart."

Cain then ran towards Adam, who was leaning against a tree, with his weeping eyes fixed on the ground. He threw himself on the earth, and cried—"Forgive me—forgive



*He threw himself on the earth, and cry'd, forgive  
me—forgive me, O my Father.*

Baltimore: Printed by Warner & Hanna.—1803.





me, O my father! I deserve thou shouldst turn from me with abhorrence. I abhor myself; but, while I am thus humbled before thee in the dust—while I thus grasp thy knees, despise not my repentance—despise not my tears. My hardened heart resisted thine exhortations with a sullen pride: but, O my injured father! thy distress and thy groans have melted my obdurate soul. A beam from Heaven has enlightened my benighted mind. With unfeigned sorrow and deep contrition, I see my folly, I see my guilt—I know that I am unworthy of thy love.—Yet, O my dear and venerable parent! reject not these penitential tears—reject not the sincere submissions of my heart. O my father! I implore pardon of God, of thee, and of my brother.”

“ Rise, my son, rise, (cried Adam, affectionately embracing him, and raising him to his bosom :) the Most High, who dwelleth in the heavens, beholds with complacency these tears of repentance. Embrace me, my son, and receive thy joyful father’s forgiveness and cordial embrace. Blest time! happy hour! in which my son, my first-born, restores our tranquility. O my child! joy, excess of joy, has weakened all my powers. Support me, my son, and let us hasten to thy

brother, that my satisfaction maybe compleated, by beholding your mutual endearments."

Adam, leaning on Cain, walked towards the pastures. Abel, with his mother and sisters, met them in the grove: they had followed Adam at a distance; they had seen his emotions, and, with delight, had beheld the repentance and tears of Cain. Abel, the moment he saw his brother, flew to him with open arms: he clasped them around him with a strenuous grasp, unable for some time to give vent, but from his eyes, to the sweet effusions of his heart. At length he cried—"Oh my brother! my dear brother! thou then lovest me—lovest me with fondness! Let me hear thy lips pronounce that thou still lovest me, and my happiness will be compleat."

—"Yes, my brother (answered Cain, while he pressed him with a warm embrace) I do indeed sincerely love thee. May I hope thou wilt forgive my having so long imbittered thy days by my unkindness, and the fury of my boisterous passions? I too, my brother, was unhappy; but reason, like the rapid flash of Heaven, broke through the gloom, and has dispersed the baleful tempest. Never, Abel, never mayest thou remember my former darkness!"



The delighted Abel, with encreased rapture replied—"Never, my dear Cain! Be the past utterly forgotten! who would dwell on the distressful illusions of a morning dream, when they might, like me, awake to real happiness, surrounded by multiplied delights. O my dear brother! words have not power to express my transports—to express the sweet joy with which my soul is filled, while I thus press thee, my friend! my brother! to my throbbing heart."

Eve, who had with tender delight beheld the moving scene, sprang to her sons, and throwing her maternal arms around them both, while delicious tears of joyful sympathy ran down her cheeks, cried—"O my sons! my dearly beloved children! never did I, since I have borne the tender name of mother, feel such exquisite, such rapturous sensations. The griefs which, like the weight of a cumberous mountain, oppressed my soul, are now removed. My heart will no more be torn by the unhappy disagreement of those whom I carried in my womb, and nourished with my breast. I shall now see—transported I shall see—peace and harmony, joy and love, dwell among my happy offspring. As the fruitful vine is blessed by the thirsty labourer, when refreshed by its delicious fruit, so will my now united chil-

dren bless me as the instrument of their felicity. Let me, my sons, join you in this sweet embrace.—Let me too, my daughters, press you to my bosom.—With what joy do I participate in this unspeakable ecstasy, visible in the faces of my dear children, and on that of my much-loved husband !” She then turned towards Adam, her matron lip met his, while conjugal tenderness and parental love were seen blended in her still glistening eye.

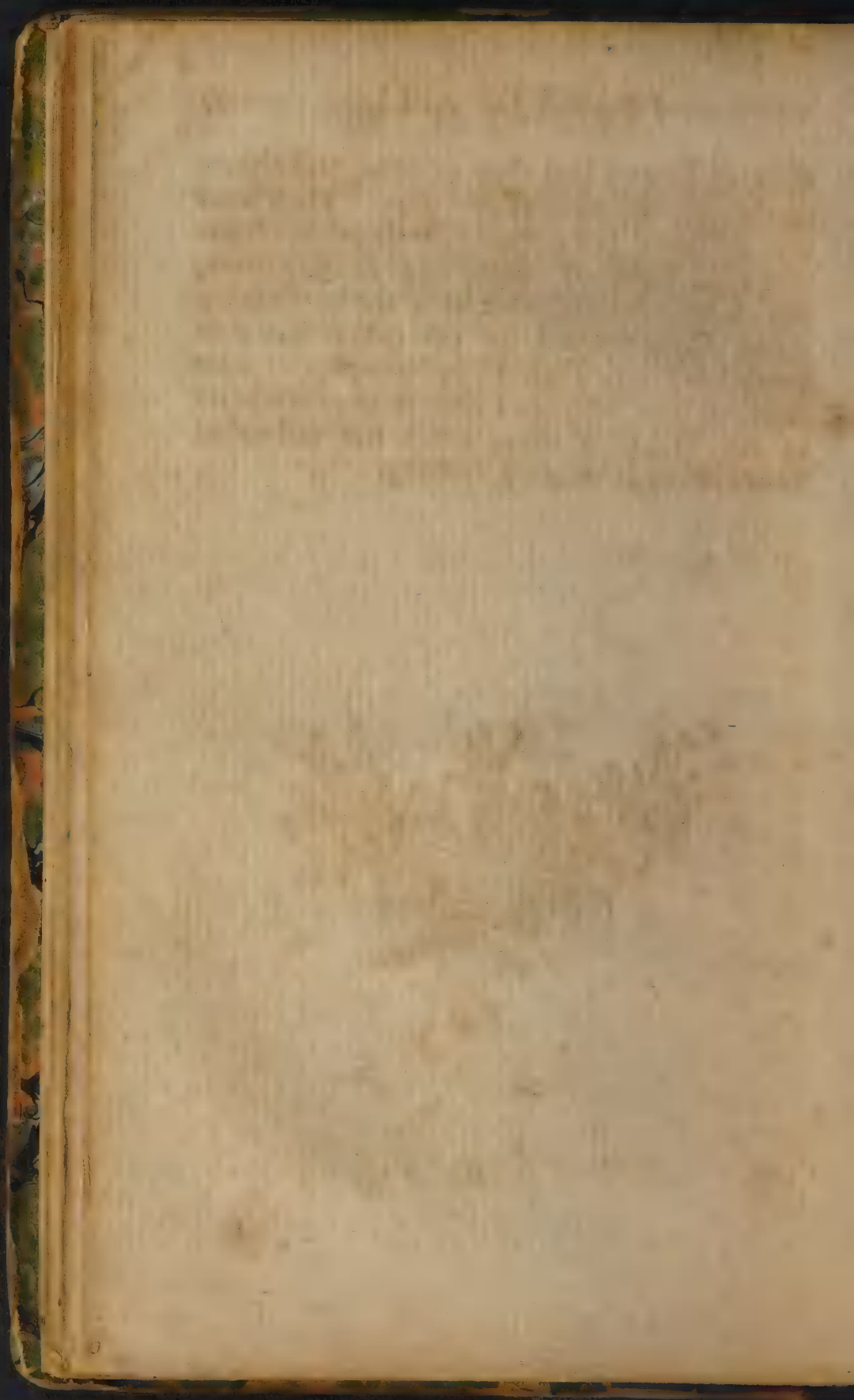
The beauteous sisters, though silent, shared the general rapture. Mahala, Cain’s spouse, when disengaged from her mother’s fond embrace, said, while vivacity and joy sparkled in her altered features,—“ Let us, my dearest Thirza, chuse the fairest flowers to deck our bower, delightful seat of peace and happiness ! We’ll strip the bending branches of their luscious load, to form the rich repast. This day, this happy day, we’ll consecrate to mirth and innocent festivity ; indulging every virtuous transport, we’ll, with united hearts, welcome the new-born joy.” She then with nimble feet, followed by Thirza, ran to prepare the sweet refreshing banquet.

Adam, and his spouse, attended by their sons, walked slowly on. Ere they had reached the bower, the active sisters had, with lavish hand, bespread the green carpet : fruits of various sorts offered their juices, while va-

riegated flowers lent their odours, and cheered the eye with their bright tints. Their feast was elegant; but it was the elegance of nature: no darts of death, hid in the sauces, struck with inhospitable blow the unthinking guest. Contentment sat on every face; in every eye beamed sweet complacency. Social converse and unmixed delight gave rapidity to the flight of time, while the unheeded hours brought on mild evening.







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THE

## DEATH OF ABEL.

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*BOOK II.*  
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WHILE the first family of the world were in the bower, indulging domestic bliss, the father of mankind thus spoke : “ It is now, my children, you experience the delight of self-approbation. The recollection of a good action diffuses a pleasing serenity through the soul. Nothing, my sons, nothing but the practice of virtue, can render us truly happy. Virtue makes us capable of the enjoyments of those pure spirits who surround the throne of God. While we follow the dictates of reason, while we enjoy with gratitude and love the blessings of nature, and have humble hope and confidence in God our Maker, we anticipate the delights of Heaven ; but if we suffer our passions to degrade and subdue us, inquietude, distress and misery, will darken all our prospects : in vain will the heavens smile, in vain will the fruitful earth pour forth her bounties. Believe me, my dear children ! believe a father, made wise

by his own fatal experience, the joys of sin are followed by shame, sorrow, and bitter repentance.—O Eve, (continued Adam) once the dear partner of my distress, as now of my happiness, could we have thought, when with streaming eyes, and hearts torn with anguish, we took leave of Paradise, that so much felicity was to be found on earth? Never will the horrors of that dreadful hour be effaced from my mind.”

“My father, (returned Abel) if the recital of past griefs will not be displeasing; if the recollection will not throw a gloom on this hour of reconciliation and joy, gladly would I hear from thee the events of thy life, from that fatal moment to the present time.”

All looked on Adam with an eye of expectation; all seem pleased with the request of Abel, and the first of men thus replied:—“What, my children, can I refuse in this day of congratulation? I will relate to you the principal occurrences of those times of affliction and grief, of consolation and mercy, when God, even that God whom we had offended, deigned to cheer by his promises fallen man.—Where, O Eve dear companion in every woe and in every delight! shall I begin the interesting narrative? Shall it be from our first leaving the garden of God?—But I see thy tears already flow.”——“My tears,



(returned our general mother) are now those of devout thankfulness and humble love, not the bitter ones of shame, sorrow, and sad regret. Begin, dear Adam, at my taking a last look on the forfeited seat of bliss. In that dreadful moment, shame and remorse for the past, and agonizing fear for the future, raised such a conflict in my wretched bosom, that I sunk into thine arms, wishing for the immediate execution of a threatening that was to confound me with my original dust. What I then felt, permit me to describe. Thy tenderness for me will, I know, make thee pass too lightly over the melting scene."

"The angel of the Lord, on whose countenance shone benignity and soft compassion, was commissioned to drive us out of Paradise. He soothed us with gentle words, cheered us with promises, and bid us hope and put our trust in the clemency of our All-merciful Creator: but the sword in his hand flamed terribly. At Eden's gate he stopped.—"I guard (said he) this passage; no more must enter here aught that defiles." We were now travellers on the vast earth; Paradise was irretrievably lost, the country we crossed seemed one wide and dreary desert; no fruitful trees, no flowery shrubs, no fertile spot, cheered our sad eyes. Adam held my hand. I frequently cast despairing looks towards the seat

of lost felicity, not presuming to raise my guilty eyes to the victim of my folly, and companion of my misery. Sorrow bent his head to the ground, and we walked on distressed and silent. Adam surveyed, with anxious eyes, the uncultivated earth, then cast a pitying look at me, and, to sooth my overflowing sorrows, gently pressed me to his bosom.

“ We had ascended an high hill, and now going down the declivity, every step diminished our view of Eden : my heart was rent with agony and my grief deprived me of motion— Now, now—cried I, sobbing---I behold, for the last time, Paradise, my native soil : blest seat of innocence and joy, for the last time I behold thee ! Ye flowers once cultivated by my careful hand, who now enjoys your sweets ? What eye is charmed with your bright colors ? Ye trees, who now shall prop your loaded branches ? Who now shall taste your rich produce ? Delightful bowers, farewell—farewell, dear shades ! no more shall these sad eyes behold your verdure, banished forever from your sweet retreats ! ’Twas there, dear partner of my sin and shame ! thou asked of heaven a help-mate, to double and to share thy bliss. Alas ! thy prayer was granted, and thine own side produced thy ruin. Our Maker formed us pure and spotless. While innocent, the happy spirits, who be-

hold the face of God, deigned with complacency to visit our blest abode ; deigned to instruct us in our duty ; to warn us of our danger. What are we now ?—dreadful degradation ? O Adam ! thy perfidious wife has involved thee, by her seduction, in sin and sorrow. Yet, dear accomplice, to whom with awe I raise my pitying eye, do not hate me ! Thou hast a right to curse me—but O dear spouse ! if I may still call thee by that tender name, use it not ! for thou art my sole support. But that God whom we have offended, by the cheering promises of his indulgent goodness, I conjure thee not to forsake me ! All I request is, that I may follow and serve thee. I will watch thy looks—I will anticipate thy commands ; happy if my obedience, my weak services, gain from thee a pitying smile, a look of soft compassion.”

“ Here my strength and voice failed ; I was sinking to the earth, but my dear husband caught me in his arms, and pressed me, with a look of affection, to his heart.” “ O Eve, (he cried) whom I still, and always will tenderly love, let us not heighten our keen distress by self-reproach. Our God in the midst of punishment, has remembered mercy. He has softened his chastisements by his promises. Veiled as these promises are in a sacred obscurity, the Divine Goodness appears with



sensible radiance, and we will hope in his mercy. We will not reproach ourselves—we will not reproach each other, O my dearest! had our God only consulted his just indignation, where should we both have been now? We will praise him for his goodness; our lips shall bless his name. Our voice shall only be heard in thanksgiving, humble supplications, and expressions of endearment and love. Our Judge is omniscient; with him there is no darkness. He sees the humiliation of our souls; he beholds our gratitude, our sincere contrition, he knows our weakness, and will accept of our feeble efforts to regain perfection. Embrace me, my dearest wife! Let us, by mutual tenderness and acts of kindness, endeavour to alleviate our calamity.”—“Adam ceased speaking. His words and tender caresses gave ease to my oppressed heart, and strength and activity to my unfeebled limbs. We proceeded to the bottom of the hill, where we found a grove of poplars, which extended to the foot of a rock.” Eve, then giving her husband a look of affection, was silent, and Adam thus continued:

“We advanced, my children, through the grove, and found in the rock a cavity that formed a grotto. See, See, my dearest Eve, (said I) see the convenience offered us by nature, this grotto will afford us shelter, and

this pure spring, that murmuring flows from its side, will slake our thirst. We'll here prepare our lodging : but my dearest wife, before we sleep I must secure the entrance, to keep us from being surprized by nocturnal enemies." "What enemies, returned Eve with emotion; what enemies have we to fear?"—Hast thou not remarked, my love, (said I) that the curse of our sin has fallen on the whole creation? The bands of friendship are broken between the animals, and the weak are now become the prey of the strong. I have seen a young lion pursue with fatal rage a frightened roe. I have beheld a war in the air among the birds. We can no longer claim a right to command the animals : the spotted leopard, the brindled lion and fierce tyger, no more fawn on us, nor play their wanton gambols in our sight, but cast against us frightful roarings, while their blazing eyes threaten destruction. We will try to gain, by our kindness, those among the beasts that are most tractable, and Providence has given us reason, which will teach us to secure ourselves from the most savage."

"Eve, with timid looks, keeping me in her sight, went to gather flowers and leaves to form our bed, and fruit for our repast. In the mean time I secured the entrance of the grotto with entwined brambles. My

spouse, hastened by fear, quickly performed her task, and returning, rested herself before me on the tender grass."

"We soon after entered the grotto, and seating ourselves on our bed of intermingled leaves and flowers, began our frugal meal, seasoned, however, with mutual endearments and grateful converse; when a gloomy cloud suddenly obscured the declining sun. It spread over our heads with encreasing darkness, and the black veil which covered the earth seemed to presage the destruction of all nature. A tempestuous wind arose; it bel-  
lowed in the mountains; it overthrew the trees of the forest: flames darted from the clouds, and loud bursts of thunder augmented the horrors of this tremendous scene. Eve, struck with terror, threw herself, scarce breathing into my arms, and clinging to my breast, cried—"He comes! he comes! in flames he comes to bring the threatened death! How dreadful! For my sin he comes to give death to us, and to all nature! O Adam! O my love!"—Here her voice failed, and she remained trembling and pale on my bosom.

"Be calm, my love! (I cried :) compose thyself! We will with bended knees and contrite hearts! adore our God, who, in terrible majesty, comes riding on the clouds. His thunders proclaim his approach: the darting



fires mark his passage. O Thou Eternal who with benignity and goodness tempered the insupportable radiance of Thy dignity, when I first came from thy creating hand. Thou art terrible in judgment, yet suffer us not to be consumed by Thy wrath! Destroy us not, O God! in Thy hot displeasure."

"We then prostrated ourselves at the entrance of the grotto, and, with pale countenances and trembling lips, offered up our adorations, expecting when our awful Judge would from the clouds pronounce by his thunders, Die, ye ungrateful! and let the earth that bore you be dissolved by the fire of my indignation."

"The clouds now poured forth their torrents: livid flames no longer flashed from the Heavens, and the thunder rolled at a distance. I raised my head from the ground, saying, The Almighty, my dear Eve, hath passed by. He hath not destroyed the earth: we are yet permitted to live. He hath remembered his promises. Eternal Wisdom, Everlasting Truth, repenteth not. He will fulfil the designs of his mercy; and thy seed, O Eve, shall bruise the head of the serpent."

"We arose, and were comforted. The heavens resumed their brightness, and the setting sun spread a mild radiance thro' the sky, like the luminous track we used to behold in Eden, when legions of Angels were

carried above our heads on the flying clouds. Silence reigned over the moist fields, the herbage and flowers, still glittering with the drops of heaven, glowed with more than usual beauty. The departing sun darted on us his last beams, while we celebrated with reverential awe, and thankful love, the wisdom, power, and mercy of our Creator.

Thus passed the first day after our leaving Paradise. The ruddy evening gave place to the grey twilight, and soon the earth was only enlightened by the moon's feeble rays. We now for the first time, were chilled by the cold of the night, though a few hour before we had almost fainted under the ardent rays of the scorching sun at noon. Our beneficent Maker, had condescended to gird our loins with the skins of beasts before our leaving Paradise, to shew that he had not withdrawn from us his succouring hand; in these we wrapped ourselves, and lying down on our leafy bed, hand in hand, waited the approach of sleep."

"Sleep, the relief of the weary, at length came; but it was unaccompanied with that soft ease, that sweet delight which blest our slumbers while innocent; our imagination then presented none but smiling and agreeable images. Inquietude, fear, and remorse, did not then keep us waking the tedious hours of darkness, nor mingle in our dreams with

fantastic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our rest was undisturbed: but Oh! how different from that delicious night, when I led thee, my spouse, for the first time, to the nuptial bower! The flowers and odoriferous shrubs charmed with new sweetness. Never was the warbling of the nightingale so harmonious: never did the pale moon shine with such radiance:—But why do I dwell on images that awaken my grief, now hushed to silence?”

“ We slept till the morning sun had dried up the limpid dew. When we awoke, we found ourselves refreshed and fitted for labour, and enjoyed with delight and gratitude the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating with their sweetest notes the renewed light: their number was yet but small; for there were then no other animals on the earth, but those, who, instructed by divine instinct, had, after the fall, fled from Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be defiled by death.”

“ We offered up our adorations at the entrance of the grotto; after which I said to Eve, We will, my love, go farther and view this immense country: our All-merciful God has given us liberty of choice. We may fix our abode where the earth is most fertile;

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where Nature is most profuse of her beauties. Seest thou, Eve, that river, which, like a huge serpent, winds in bright slopes through the meadows. The hill on its bank seems, at this distance, like a garden full of trees, and its top is covered with verdure."

"My dear spouse, (returned Eve, pressing my hand to her bosom,) I shall follow with delight the steps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will pursue our walk towards the hill."

We were going on when we saw, just above our heads, a bird fly with feeble wing: its feathers were rough and disordered: it cast forth plaintive cries, and having fluttered a little in the air, sunk down without strength among the bushes. Eve went to seek it, and behold another lie without motion on the grass, which that we had before seen seemed to lament. My spouse, stooping over it, examined it with fixed attention, and in vain tried to rouse it from what she believed to be sleep. "It will not wake! (said she to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand)—It will not wake!—It will never wake more!" She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said, "Alas! the poor bird that pierced my ears with his cries was perhaps thy mate. It is I!—It is I! unhappy that I am, who have brought mis-

ery and grief on every creature! For my sin these pretty harmless animals are punished.” “Her tears redoubled.” What an event! (said she, turning to me;) how stiff and cold it is! It has neither voice nor motion. Its joints no longer bend. Its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, Is this death! Ah it is:—How I tremble! An icy cold runs through my bones. If the death with which we are threatened is like this how terrible!—What, dearest Adam! would become of me, if, like the feather’d mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? Should God create another Eve to fill my forfeited place in thy lov’d bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment!—Unable to say more, she wept, she sobb’d, and her expressive eyes, tenderly fix’d on mine, made my feeling heart partake her anguish. I press’d her to my breast; kiss’d her cheek, and mix’d my tears with her’s. Cease, dearest Eve! I cry’d, these fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in the Supreme Being, who governs all his creatures by his infinite wisdom! Though we cannot penetrate into the designs of His providence; though His majestic tribunal is surrounded by darkness, we may rest assur’d, that Mercy and Love remain

near His throne. Why, my love should we anticipate misfortunes? Why should we, guided by a gloomy imagination, seek for them in futurity? Was our reason given us only to make us wretched? Shall we ungratefully turn our eyes from the repeated instances of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of our God, at the hazard of plunging ourselves in misery by our blindness? It is His wisdom, and His goodness, that regulate and appoint what shall befall us. Let us, with humble confidence, proceed under His direction and devoutly acquiesce in his appointments without seeking to know what He hath not condescended to reveal.

“ We now advanced to the eminence. Its gentle ascent was almost covered with bushes and fertile shrubs. On the summit, in the midst of fruit trees, grew a lofty cedar, whose thick branches formed an extensive shade, which was rendered more cool and delightful by a limpid brook, that ran in various windings among the flowers. This spot offered a prospect so immense, that the sight was only bounded by the dusky air; the sky forming a concave around us, that appeared wherever we turned, to touch the distant mountains. Here, said I, my dearest love, we will fix our abode. This spot is a faint shadow of Paradise, whose blissful bower, we must



never more behold. Receive us, majestic cedar, under thy shade. Ye trees, of various taste and hue, refresh and sustain us with your delicious fruits; never shall we gather the sweet produce without gratitude: it shall be the reward of our attentive care and laborious cultivation. O God Omnipotent, who reignest in Heaven! look with a propitious eye on this our dwelling. Lend an ear of compassion to the supplications, receive with favor the praises and thanksgivings, which we, Thy frail offending creatures, shall never cease to send up towards Thy celestial throne, through the spreading branches of these trees. Here, my dearest wife, we shall obtain, by the sweat of our brows, our support. Under these shades thou shalt bring forth with pain. From hence will our offspring spread themselves over the wide earth. Here too Death shall one day visit us, and we shall be confounded with our original dust. O Lord God our Maker! shower down Thy blessings on the profane abode of us sinners. While I thus uttered the devout breathings of my soul, Eve was prostrate on the earth by my side: her hands were elevated, her eyes swam in tears, and were raised towards Heaven in holy ecstasy."

"I now began to construct our habitation under the shade of the spreading cedar. I

fixed in the earth a circle of strong stakes, and interwove them with flexible twigs. While I was thus employed, Eve was conveying the stream among the flowers, gathering ripe fruits, supporting with small sticks the bending stalks of the variegated shrubs, and pruning their luxuriant branches. Then it was that we began to eat our bread by the sweat of our brows."

"I went to the river to fetch reeds to cover our cottage: there I saw five ewes, white as the southern clouds, and with them a young ram, feeding by the side of the water. I approached them without noise, fearing they would fly me like the tyger and the lion; who, before our fatal transgression, used to play with the kid or the lamb at our feet. But, instead of endeavouring to escape me, they suffered me to stroke their fleeces, and I drove them before me with a reed to our hill, where I intended they should, for the future, feed. Eve was busy in erecting a bower, and did not immediately, on my return, observe my little flock: but they soon discovered themselves by their bleating. She started at the sound, and dropt the boughs from her hand through fear: but soon recovering, she cried, with joy in her countenance, "O Adam! they are gentle and fond as in Paradise. Welcome, pretty animals! ye shall live with us. All

ye want is here. Ye need not stray: for here are flowery pastures, fragrant herbage, and a clear spring. Your innocent sporting will give us delight while we attend our trees and flowers. Yes, harmless creatures! she continued, patting their woolly backs, ye shall be my flock, and I will be your indulgent mistress.'

"Our little dwelling was now completed, and we were enjoying the cool breezes at its entrance and silently surveying the distant country, when Eve said, "My dearest love, how beautifully is the prospect before us variegated! How fertile, how full of blessings is this earth, which we thought so barren! Let us, to the fruits and flowers, which the hill already yields, add those that grow on its borders and our abode will have a faint resemblance of Eden's delightful shades. Ah! (she added with a sigh,) it will then bear but the same proportion of likeness to Paradise, as that does to the blissful seats of the Angles, which the heavenly messengers, who, in our happy days of innocence, condescended to visit us, described in such glowing colours. O thou garden of the Lord, how delightful were thy sweet retreats! How did thy gay tints charm the eye! How did thy luscious fruits, thy aromatic fragrance, feast the senses! Whatever necessity required, all the useful,



all the agreeable, were there in rich profusion. O my spouse! compared with that luxuriant spot, what is all about us but dry sterility? This earth, under the divine malediction, seems unable to produce in the same lands that sweet variety, that happy diversity, that charmed us in Eden's bowers. We must now seek the different productions in distant places. I have seen too, that not only animals are the prey of Death; he stretches his wide domain; he tyrannizes over the whole earth, and makes rude havoc in the world of vegetation. O Adam! what fruits have I beheld drop from their branches, spoilt, and full of black rottenness! What flowers, wither on their stalks! The trees are disrobed of their verdure by the despoiler Death. I have observed too, that young leaves supply the place of those that are fallen, and that the seeds of dead flowers, cast, into the earth, produce new ones. We, Adam, must thus one day wither and die, and our children will successively grow up and flourish."

"She ceased speaking, and I, deeply affected by her words, made answer; Dear Eve, were our loss only the gay verdure, the fruits and flowers of Paradise, it would scarce deserve a sigh: but alas! we are expelled from the sacred spot which our Maker blessed by his immediate presence. There, veiling

his insupportable radiance, he walked among the groves, while all nature celebrated the approach of the Deity in reverential silence. Though formed of the dust, my prostrations were accepted. The Almighty condescended to hear his creature, and vouchsafed to answer with benignity a frail worm. Alas! we have by our disobedience lost this privilege; guilty as we are, we can no more hope to converse with infinite purity. This, this calls for our lamentations and our tears. Will the God of Heaven visit a land under his curse? Will the Most Holy dwell among sinners? He looks down from the seats of bliss. He regards with an eye of compassion, our penitence and tears, and His bounties exceed every hope our wretchedness could form. Even the bright Spirits of Heaven are his messengers, they execute His orders on this dark globe; but alas! our polluted eyes are now unworthy to behold them. They perform the task assigned, without deigning to become visible to sinful man, and then soar, with hasty wing, from this seat of corruption, now fit only to be the residence of beings under the curse of their Sovereign."

"Thus were we holding converse, and casting our malancholy eyes on the country before us, when a resplendent cloud descending, glided towards us, and rested on our hill: from it stepped a radiant form, wearing on his

face a majestic smile. We hastily arose ; we bowed our heads, and the celestial messenger thus spoke ; “ He, whose throne, is in the highest heaven, has heard your complaints. Go, (said he,) and inform those children of affliction, that My presence is not circumscribed by the circuit of heaven, it extends to all the works of my hands ? Whence has the sun its vigorating heat ? Who teaches the stars to run their courses ? Why does the earth bring forth its fruit, and day and night regularly succeed each other ? Who preserves the various animals ? In Me they live, move, and have their being. What keeps thee, Adam, from sinking into corruption ? I am near thee ! I sustain thee by my power ; I guard thee by My providence ; and know the secret breathings of thy soul and all the purposes of thine heart.”

“ The luminous sphere that encompassed the Angel reached even to me. Filled with devout ecstasy, I lifted up to him my dazzled eyes. How great beyond conception, said I, are the favors of the Lord ! He beholds our wretchedness with compassion ; He sends his Angels to give us comfort. O effulgent spirit, I stand confounded and abashed before thee. How shall I, sinful man that I am, dare to speak to thee, the unoffending messenger of heaven, arrayed in light and purity ? Yet, O benevolent Angel ! permit me



to mention the sad apprehensions and fears that oppress my heart. That God is every where present, I readily believe, I see Him in his works ; I feel Him in his goodness and tender mercies. That the Most High, a being perfect in purity, should more intimately communicate Himself to a worm, defiled with sin, I do not presume to expect. What I dread, is that when man shall be multiplied on the earth, he will be estranged from God his Maker. I have fallen, my children may also fall—fall into more horrid depths, and thus being more and more debased, their wretchedness will increase. The time will come, when I shall be no longer with them, to inform them, and give, in my own person, evident poofs of the loving kindness and compassion of the Lord. 'Tis true the smallest insect will declare his beneficence : but if God continues to hide his face from man, will not the voice of Nature be too weak to strike his mind ? Will not the idea of the Deity be totally lost, or, at least, confounded in darkness and obscurity ? This thought gives my foreboding heart exquisite anguish.---I tremble with horror when my gloomy imagination represents to my view millions of creatures sunk in distress and guilt, who may execrate me as the cause of their blindness and misery."

“ Father of men, (replied the Angel, with aspect benign,) He in whom, and by whom, all things exist, will not forsake thine offspring. Often will they, by their transgressions, presumptuously affront the Majesty of heaven. Often will their sins cry aloud for vengeance. The Almighty will grasp his thunder, and display the terrors of his judgments. The guilty shall tremble in the dust; the sinner shall cry out in agony, Dreadful is the wrath of God ! Who can stand before it ? But more often will he make himself known in kindness. He will delight to shew favour to the repenting children of men. Mercy and compassion dwell always with him, judgment is his strange work. He will raise from among thy posterity men, whose minds he will enlighten. They, assisted by the Spirit of God, shall call their brethern to repentance. Sinners shall hearken, and forsaking the ways of sensuality and profaneness, shall worship a Being of spotless purity in spirit and in truth. He will send among them prophets and holy persons, whose mission he will evidence by miracles : these, chosen of the Lord, shall cure the diseased, raise the dead, and do many wonderful works. These shall make known the judgments of the Most High; they shall declare his condescension and grace: they shall foretell what will happen in distant periods of time ; and the accomplishment of

their prophecies will teach men, that the Eternal over rules and directs, according to His good pleasure, and the merciful designs of His providence, events that appear, to short-sighted mortals, the work of a blind chance. Often will he speak to the sons of men by His Angels; frequently in prodigies, and there will be some righteous persons, to whom he will, with infinite goodness, more intimately manifest himself; to them he will speak face to face, till at length shall be ushered in the great mystery of the salvation of Mankind, when the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head."

"The Angel was silent, and I, encouraged by the condescension and sweetness of his look, replied, O celestial friend! if thou wilt yet allow me frail as I am, to call thee so; and why should I doubt it! since thou canst not hate him whom the Eternal does not hate—him for whom the Divine clemency manifests itself with such splendor, as strikes the heavenly host with admiration, and surpasses the power of words to express, when the adoring soul, humbled in the dust, attempts to pour forth its gratitude: Tell me, lucid Spirit, if it be permitted thee to draw from the obscurity, with which they are surrounded, those august mysteries? tell me what is



the import of the promise, The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head; and what is meant by the curse denounced against man, "Thou shalt Die." "Nothing that the Most High permits me to reveal, (answered the Angel,) will I hide from thee."

"Know then, O Adam, on thy transgressing the Divine command, God said to the happy spirits, who worship before him, Man hath disobeyed me, He shall Die. A dense cloud suddenly encompassed the Eternal throne, and a deep silence reigned through the whole expanse of Heaven, and the celestial host were filled with consternation; but soon the darkness dispersed, and the praise of the Highest again resounded from the harps of Angels. Never did God manifest himself with such lustre, and magnificence, but in that memorable instant when His creative voice called the stars from non-existence, and His Almighty word went on creating through the immensity of space. The adoring Angels were in eager expectation of what was to follow this unusual pomp, when the majestic voice of God sounded through the arch of Heaven, uttering these words of benignity and grace: I will not withdraw my favor from the sinner, to my infinite mercy the earth shall bear witness. Of the women shall be born an Avenger, who shall bruise the head of the serpent. Hell

shall not rejoice in this victory. Death shall lose its prey.—Ye heavens, shew forth your gladness!" Thus spake the Eternal. The blaze of his glory would have been too strong for even the eyes of archangels, had not a thin cloud tempered its insupportable radiance. The blest inhabitants of heaven celebrated with joy this great mystery, and attuned their golden harps to the praises of the Father of spirits, whose tender mercies are over all His works. How God will pardon the sinner, without offending His justice, surpasses comprehension; but it is enough, Eternal Truth hath said it. We know, and thou mayest also rest assured, that Death, having lost his power, can only disengage the soul from its bonds. The dust, that vesture of earth, shall return to the body of which it was formed, while the immortal spirit, refined from all defilement, shall be raised to heaven, to partake there, with angels, archangels, and all the celestial host, never-ending felicity."

"Hear, Adam, the order of thy God! I will be gracious to thee, and to thy seed; there shall be a sign between me and thee, as the seal of this great promise: thou shalt build an altar on this hill, and offer on it a young lamb: I will, on My part, send down fire to consume the victim. This sacrifice thou shalt renew every year, and the flame

shall annually descend to burn thine offering."

"I have now told thee, first of men (continued the angel,) all that the Most High thinks proper to reveal of His inscrutable decrees. I am also allowed to shew thee, that ye are not so solitary on this globe as ye imagine. Curst as this earth is, ye are still surrounded by pure spirits, who are commissioned to be your guard and defence, and ordered to preside, with watchful care, over the works of nature." The angel then touching our eyelids, we beheld beauties that I shall not attempt to describe. No words could give ideas that would do justice to the bright magnificence of the scene. All the country around us was peopled with the children of Heaven, more beautiful than Eve when she first came from the hands, of her Creator, and with soft reluctance and modest grace, received her welcome in my arms.

Some were employed in collecting the light mists that issued from the moist earth; they bore them upwards on their expanded wings, and converted them into mild dews and fertilizing showers. Others lay reclined near purling brooks watching, lest their sources should fail, and the plants they watered be deprived of their humid aliment. Many were dispersed through the open country who presided



over the growth of fruits, and spread on the opening flowers azure, green and red, with every vivid hue, and by breathing on them, impregnated them with fragrance. Some peopled the groves, employed in various offices : from the glittering wings of these were wafted gentle breezes, which passing through the foliage of the trees, hovered over the flowers, and skimmed along the surface of the brooks and lakes. Some among these celestial labourers, having performed the task assigned them, were sitting in the shade, joining in harmonious concert : the melody of their voices accompanied the sounding strings of their golden harps, and they sang to the praise of the Most High, hymns not to be heard by mortal ears. Not a few were walking on our hill, and among our bowers : in their gentle looks I beheld commiseration of our distress. But now our eyes again became unable to behold the heavenly effulgence, and the rapturous scene disappeared.

“ These, which thou have just beheld, (said the angel,) are spirits commissioned to watch over the productions of the earth ; they are the appointed assistants of Nature, and help to promote and complete her various works, according to the invariable and immutable laws of the great First Cause. The Creator has given existence to innumerable

orders of beings. Even this earth, though under the curse of the Most High, is full of beauty, and the admiring angels behold, on this globe, objects too sublime for mortal sight. The delightful employment of some of these children of heaven, is to watch over thy safety, O Adam ! to avert from thee unforeseen misfortunes. They accompany thee in all thy ways : they assist thee in thy labours, and often turn even thy disappointments to thy advantage, bringing from an apparent evil a real good. They, with pleasure, behold thy domestic happiness. They are witnesses of thy most secret actions. A smile of benevolence shews their joy, when man, their charge, acts right : the frown of disdain and sorrow sits on their brow, when he forgets himself and his happiness. These, in future ages, the Lord will employ to distribute plenty through the countries. He will delight to bless, or to carry famine and desolation among rebellious nations, when it shall please Him to recall them by His chastisement."

"The angel ceased speaking, He cast on us a look of mild condescension, and was lost to our eyes in a shining cloud. We prostrated ourselves on the earth with devout ecstasy, and humbly offered up our thanksgivings to our Beneficent and All-merciful Creator."

“ I immediately set up the altar, as the Lord had commanded, on the summit of the hill : Eve employed herself in constructing around it a little paradise. She brought from the neighbouring plain the most beautiful and odoriferous flowers : these she planted on all sides of the altar, and, with cheerful labour watered them, each morning and evening, from the clear stream that flowed near our dwelling. “ O tutelar angels ! (said she, in the midst of her labour,) complete the work of my hands ; for, without your aid, in vain shall I plant, in vain shall I water ! May your kind cares, bright spirits, give these flowers more life, more beauty, more fragrance, than they had in their native soil ; for to the Lord of All, this enclosure is consecrated ! I planted a spacious circle of trees around the holy altar, and their thick branches spread an awful shade that disposed the mind to devout contemplation.”

“ In these occupations we passed the summer, exposed each day to the scorching sun. Autumn arrived, and repaid our labour with its various fruits. It drew near its close : the loud blasts of the north began to be heard, and the tops of the mountains were covered with an hoar frost. Not then knowing that the weak earth, which was exhausted by the profuse liberality of summer and autumn,



wanted to recover her strength by the rest of winter, we saw with grief the saddened face of nature. In Eden we knew no change of seasons : mild spring, gay summer, and plentiful autumn, charmed there together. As the winter advanced the face of nature were increasing gloom : the flowers withered on their stalks, and if any yet survived around the altar, they seemed, with drooping heads, to mourn their approaching fall. The latest fruits fell from the trees, and the sapless branches cast their leaves. The clouds poured down torrents of rain, and the highest peaks of the mountains were covered with snow. We beheld this scene of desolation with fear and anxiety. Should this, my dearest Eve, (said I,) be only the first effects of the curse pronounced against this earth, and God continues to punish, she will be stripped of the small remains of utility and beauty which her degradation has left her : small were they in comparison of the delights of Paradise ; yet they were sufficient to soften our toil, and afforded us many of the conveniences and blessings of life ; but if the Divine malediction continues to spread destruction on this earth, how gloomy will be our days ! What will become of our promised offspring ? Thus we mourned our melancholy situation ; but encouraged by the promises of

our God, we placed in Him an humble confidence. We endeavoured to console each other, and to drive from our minds every thought of murmuring or discontent, and thankfully adored the Lord, in the midst of the dreary horrors by which we were surrounded.

“ We laid up for our winter support those fruits that had escaped corruption and rottenness ; and that they might be still preserved, we dried them by the fire. I covered our cottage anew, and made a closer fence around, to keep out the cold and rain. In the meantime our little flock languidly wandered on the eminence, gaining a scanty support by nipping the short grass that still remained, or here and there sprung afresh ; and I for their farther relief, ranged the country to seek them fodder, which I carefully preserved, lest they should perish, if the rigours of winter increased.”

“ Sad and slow passed our days, while the clouded sky poured forth rain, and the bleak winds chilled us with cold. But at length the genial sun re-animated the earth, and brightened the heavens, while gentle winds chased the moist fogs from the summits of the mountains. Reviving nature smiled at the return of youth : the fields were again cloathed in cheerful green ; innumerable flow-

ers decked the pastures, and seemed to vie with the sun in lustre; the trees again began to shoot out their buds, and all nature was full of new-born joy. Thus, crowned with leaves and flowers, came amiable spring, that delightful morning of the year."

"The trees with which I had surrounded the altar, were pre-eminent in beauty. Eve saw, with inexpressible rapture, the flowers she had planted on the holy spot recover their bloom. In vain, my children, should I attempt to give you an idea, of our joyful ecstasy. We ran to the consecrated circle, filled with devout gratitude. The sun illumined the sacred spot with his purest radiance. Every creature seemed to join in our praises of the Creator. The flowers exhaled their sweetest odours; the trees extended the shade of their blossoming branches over the holy altar; the winged insects that inhabited the tender grass, chirped forth their joy; while the birds, on the spreading boughs of the trees, enlivened our devotion by their mellifluous harmony. We cast ourselves on our knees: tears of gratitude and joy burst from our eyes, fell on the grassy turf, and mingled with the dew of the morning. Our fervid prayer ascended towards the Lord of Nature, towards the God of grace and goodness, who had

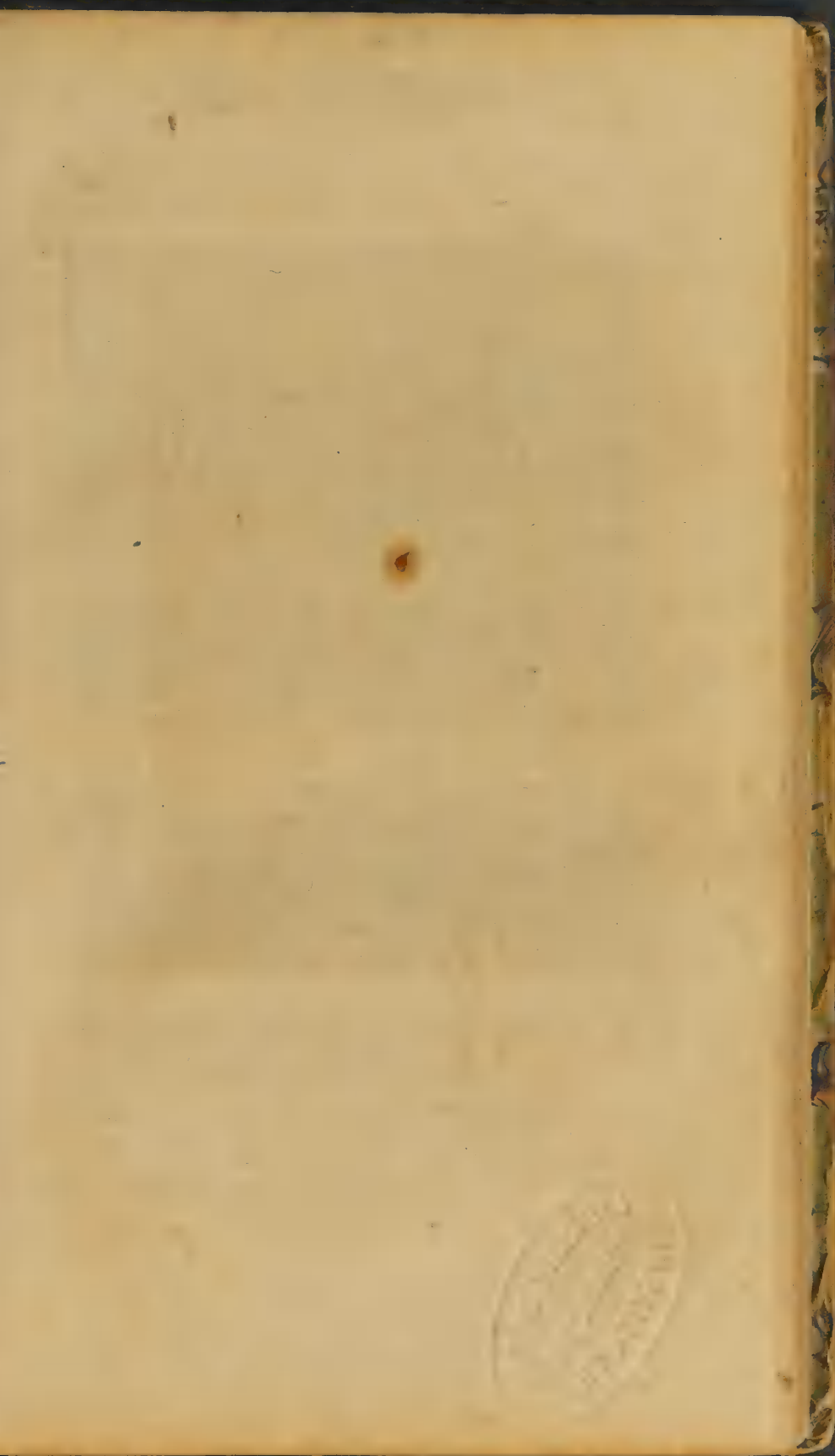


mercifully turned even the effects of his just displeasure to our advantage."

"I now began to cultivate a little field upon the hill, I cast into the fertile earth some grains which I had preserved from the produce of autumn. I even enriched the land with seeds I had gathered in the distant country. Nature, chance, or reflection, often discovered to me means to facilitate my labour. Often, too, ignorance of the seasons, and of the proper soils for the different productions, led me into errors. Frequently my imagination deceived me, and I was disappointed when I had high hopes that I had found the art of contracting my labours. I should sometimes have been without resource, had not the gentle spirits, who watched over my happiness, condescended to enlighten me."

"One morning, as I cast my eyes towards the altar, I beheld with awe, the flame of the Lord burning over it. The rising sun gilded with his beams the ascending smoke. Enraptured, I called to my beloved—See, dearest Eve! (I cried,) see the accomplishment of the promise! Behold the sacred flame is come down on our altar! Let us go to it immediately. Every labour must now cease. I will, as the Almighty hath commanded, kill a young lamb. Haste, my love, and chuse the finest flowers to strew the sacrifice! I took the

best of my flock : but, my children, it is impossible to give you a description of what I felt, when I went to deprive the innocent animal of life. A trembling seized my hand: I was scarce able to hold the struggling victim ; and never could I have brought myself to give it death, had not my resolution been animated by the express command of the Author of Life. The very remembrance of its endeavours to escape gives me pain. When I beheld its quivering limbs in the last moments of its existence, an universal tremor shook my own ; and when it lay before me without sense or motion, dreadful foreboding invaded my troubled soul. In obedience to the Divine command, I laid the bleeding lamb on the altar, and Eve scattered on it odoriferous flowers. We then prostrated ourselves on the earth before it, and with reverence and fear, offered up our humble praises to the God of truth, who had thus solemnly verified his promises. An awful silence reigned around us, as if nature celebrated the presence of her God. In this perfect calm our ravished ears were charmed with the minstrelsy of heaven. The angels that hovered over us joined in our devout praises. The flames soon consumed the sacrifice, and on its extinction, which was sudden, an aromatic odour diffused itself through the far extended country."







*I found her, pale and without strength, at the side  
of the spring, and thee, Cain, my first born, ly-  
ing on her bosom.*

A little after this solemn day of reconciliation, I was going at sun-set, to rest myself, after the fatigue of the day, near my beloved. I ascended the hill : I sought for her in vain in our cottage ; I looked for her, with anxiety, in the shady bower. At length I found her, pale and without strength, at the side of the spring—and thee, Cain, my first-born, lying on her bosom. The pains of child-birth had siezed her while she was employed in her ordinary labours near the brook. She was bedewing thine infant face with tears of joy. At sight of me, she cried, with a smile—“ I salute thee, father of men ! The Lord hath assisted me in the hour of distress : I have brought forth this son, to whom I have given the name of Cain.—O thou dear first-born ! (said she,) the Lord hath favourably regarded the hour of thy birth ; may all thy days be consecrated to His praise ! How weak, how helpless is he that is born of a woman ! Mayest thou, dear infant, rise as a young flower in the spring ! May thy life be like a sweet perfume offered up to heaven ! “ I then took thee, my first-born, in my arms. I salute thee, (said I to Eve) mother of men ! The Lord be praised, who hath assisted thee in thy distress !—I salute thee, Cain first of human beings who gave pain to thy mother ;

first of the human race who entered into life to leave it by death.—O God! continued I) look down from Thy throne, and regard with compassion this Thy feeble creature! Shed Thy gracious benediction on the morning of his life! It shall be my delightful task to instruct his young mind; I will shew him the miracles of Thy grace: I will teach him the wonders of Thy love. Morning and evening his infant lips shall be taught to sound forth, Thy praise.—O! dearest Eve, mother of men, (I cried in the transport of my heart,) a race without number shall flourish around thee. This myrtle was, like thee, solitary, till the tender suckers sprang from the maternal root. When mild spring shall clothe it with new verdure, the first shoots will produce others, and, in time, this single myrtle shall form a little aromatic grove. In the same manner, let this prospect console thee in thy present weakness; in the same manner shall our offspring multiply around this eminence. We shall, from it's summit, see their peaceful dwellings adorn the plain: we shall see them, if death delays it's approach long enough to permit us—we shall see them lend each other mutual assistance, to gain the provisions, the conveniences, and the sweets of life. Often will we descend from this hill to visit our children's children, and under their fertile shades will we recount the wonders of the Lord, and



exhort them to piety and gratitude. When they taste of joy, we will share it with them : we will sympathize in their griefs, and give them consolation and advice. From the top of this ascent we shall see—with gratitude and joy we shall see—a thousand altars smoke around. Their burnt offerings shall envelope us in sacred clouds, through which our fervent prayers shall ascend to the great Creator, in behalf of the human race. And when the solemn day shall come, when the flame of heaven shall descend upon the first and most holy altar, they shall assemble on this hill. We will lead them to sacrifice, and, in holy transport, we shall behold the fruit of our loins form around us a vast circle of prostrate worshippers.

“ Thus, O Cain ! did I utter the sweet effusions of my heart. I kissed thine infant lips with the most tender joy. Thy mother then took thee in her enfeebled arms, when, having assisted her to rise, I led her to our dwelling.”

“ Strength and vigour soon began to animate thy little members. Laughter and gaiety sparkled in thine eyes, and mirth played on thy cheeks. Already wert thou able to run with thy tender feet on the soft grass, and among the flowers ; already thy little lips began to lisp forth thine infant thoughts, when

Eve brought into the world Mahala, thy spouse. Full of joy, you skipped about the new-born, kissed her, and covered her with flowers.—Eve at length brought forth thee, O Abel! and afterwards Thirza, thy companion. With inexpressible joy we beheld your innocent pleasures. Our delight increased as we saw your young minds unfold themselves, and arrive, by little, and little, at maturity. We employed our most attentive care to cultivate your mental powers, to direct your thoughts to worthy objects, that your lives might diffuse the agreeable odour of virtue. Thus a variety of flowers, combined by art, form the fragrant nosegay. While you, my children, yet prattled on my knee, or chaced each other through the grove in wanton play, I discovered, that man born in sin, needs cultivation, like the stubborn earth, curst for our transgression; and that vigilance and watchful care were necessary in the arduous task of forming the mind,

“To teach the young idea how to shoot,”

to guide the pliant heart from the turbulence of the passions, to make the powers and noble inclinations of the soul bring forth their genuine fruits, virtue and piety, require all the teacher's art—all the parent's love.”

“I have now, my beloved children, the happiness to see you arrived at your full

growth, as the tender plants are by the hand of time transformed into lofty and wide spreading trees. Praised be the God of heaven for His innumerable mercies! adored for ever be His name for His unmerited goodness! May you, my dear offspring, by your filial love, humble gratitude, and devout reverence, continue faithful to him! and may the grace and benediction of the Most High always rest on your dwellings!"

Adam here finished his recital. A nymph united by the soft bands of Hymen to her favourite swain, wanders with him in the early dawn. They hear the sweet notes of the nightingale, while all is silence around. Her voice seems the echo of their own fond thoughts, and through their souls is diffused a tender transport. The bird ceases her melody; but they still listen with the ear of expectation turned towards the branches from whence she chanted her nocturnal song. Thus, though your general father ceased to speak, his children remained fixed in mute attention. The different scenes he had represented gave them various emotions: sometimes the gushing tear dropped from their eyes, at others, a lively joy spread itself over their features. They all returned their thanks to the father of men: Cain rendered his as well as the others; but he alone had neither smiled nor wept.



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THE

DEATH OF ABEL.

==  
BOOK III.  
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ADAM having finished his relation, Abel again tenderly embraced his brother, and they all left the bower, each pair taking their way to their separate dwellings, while the moon's mild rays enlightened their steps. "O my Thirza! (cried Abel to his beloved, pressing her hand) what exquisite joy diffuses itself through my soul! My brother is no longer estranged from me; he loves me; his moistened cheek spoke his tenderness, while he gave me the fraternal embrace. How did my heart rejoice in the sweet effusion of his returned affection! Less delightful, less refreshing, is the evening dew that falls on the parched earth, after it has been scorched by the sun's burning rays. The furious tempest of his soul is calmed: peace and love are returned; they will again take up their abode in our humble cottages, and give new sweets to every enjoyment. O thou Beneficent Being! who hast with infinite goodness watched

over our parents, when they were the sole inhabitants of this spacious earth, keep far from the heart of my beloved brother every baleful and tormenting passion ! May the storm never return ; but may tranquillity, gratitude, and joy, render every day delightful, like the past !”

Thirza, with delight in her countenance, said—“ Our parents, my love, felt not more joy at the return of spring, after the rigours of the first winter, than they experienced when they saw the tears of reconciliation drop from the softened eyes of our brother. Our affectionate father, our fond mother, seemed, in their transport, to have recovered all the gaiety of youth, and every thing around us smiled with new joy.” Thus did this amiable and virtuous pair express the sweet sensations that filled their hearts.

Mahala, Cain’s spouse, observing that his brow still wore the gloom of discontent, pressed his hand to her lips, and, in a soft and tender accent, said—“ Why my love, dost thou seem so cold, so insensible, in the midst of such happiness ? Is the calm that is restored to thy soul incapable of enlivening thine eyes with tender joy ? Cannot thy heart-felt satisfaction render thy countenance serene ? I should fear the cloud of grief, that has so long darkened thy days, had rendered thee unable

to taste of joy, had I not beheld—beheld with extatic delight, content and transport animate thine eyes, when thou gavest our brother the fraternal embrace. O my beloved ! the Eternal, from his throne on high, and the benevolent angels, who surround us, saw with approbation the soft sensations that then filled thine heart. Suffer me my dearest spouse ! to press thee to my bosom : let my fondness again light up joy in thy countenance. Mayest thou lose all thy cares in this sweet embrace !”

Cain resisted not the tender caresses of his spouse, but replied—“ Your joy, your excessive joy, gives me offence. Yes, I am displeased. Does not your transport say—“ Cain is corrected : he was before, a man vicious and wicked—he hated his brother ?” —I was not wicked—Whence arose so strange an idea ? Must I hate my brother, because I was not always weeping over him, or persecuting him with my embraces ?—I never hated my brother—No, never, I saw, indeed, with pain, that he, by his softness and effeminacy, stole from me the affection of Adam and Eve—Could I be insensible of this ? But, Mahala, it is not without cause that sorrow hangs on my brow. What imprudence in our father to recount to us the history of his shameful fall, and all the disasters of which



he and Eve are the cause! What need was there for us to know, and be so often told, that it was their faults that lost us all the delights of Paradise, and rendered us unhappy? Were we ignorant of this, our miseries would be more supportable, and we should not deplore the want of enjoyments of which we could then have no idea."

Mahala stifled in her heart remonstrances and complaints, and carefully read her husband's eyes, to see if she might venture a reply. Then mildly answered—"Suffer me, I conjure thee, my beloved, to weep! for I cannot restrain my tears. Suffer me to implore thee for thyself! I beseech thee, to drive far from thee this gloomy melancholy that is again beginning to overcloud thy soul? Thou canst, I know, my love, thou canst disperse it, and restore to thy heart peace and serenity. Let not thy troubled imagination always present to thy view subjects of misery and grief, where thou oughtest to behold Divine benig- nity and grace. O Cain, why should we blame our affectionate parents, for relating to us the wonder God has done for fallen man! They would excite in our souls a lively grati- tude and firm confidence. They are keenly sensible of every thing that can be a subject of pain and grief to us, and it is barbarity to reproach them with our misery. Rise, my

love, I intreat thee, rise superior to the vexations that would again intrude themselves into thine heart, and obscure our days with gloomy sadness!" She said no more, but gave her husband a tender glance, while her eyes swam in tears.

The smile of affection now tempered the austerity of Cain's countenance, and he replied, as he embraced Mahala—"I will, my dear, surmount the vexations that would gain an empire over me. I will not obscure thy days, or mine, with unavailing sorrow."

Anamelech, one of the inferior spirits of hell, had observed the behaviour and discourse of Cain. He had seen, with malicious joy, the signs of envy and wrath in his ruffled features. This malignant dæmon, though of the lowest order among the rebel angels, did not yield, in pride and ambition, to Satan, the arch-apostate. Often, while in hell, he retired from his companions, whom he despised: often he remained in solitude among the infected rivers of sulphur, that flowed through the burning land, or strayed alone on the enormous rocks, whose summits were hid in stormy clouds. There, in secret, he repined at his ignoble indolence, while the blue flames, reflected from the tops of the mountains, cast an obscure and horrid light on the path made by his wandering feet.

But when hell, with tumultuous roar, celebrated the praises and triumphs of her king, who, on his return from the terrestrial globe, elate with pride, recounted how he had seduced our general ancestors, and boasted his having forced the Eternal to pronounce against them the decree of death and wretchedness, then the black venom of envy swelled the rancorous breast of Anamelech, "Must Satan, (he cried to himself,) though accursed, enjoy in hell triumphs and praise, while I, unnoticed, rove in obscurity, through the dark corners of these gloomy regions, or am confounded among the vile crouds, who, with servile shouts, aggrandise him, and hail him victor? No: I feel myself equally capable of noble daring: I will astonish my compeers; I will force hell's fierce monarch to pronounce my name with respect." Actuated by the prospect of rising to distinguished greatness among the infernals, he meditated baleful projects, and nourished in solitude inveterate hatred to the human race. His black mind formed various schemes for their destruction, and his horrid designs succeeded but too well. The miseries of Adam's offspring rendered the name of this vile dæmon great among the diabolical powers of the fiery deep. He it was who, after a succession of ages, incited a cruel king to massacre the in-



infants of Bethlehem. He saw, with a malignant smile, men barbarous as the out-casts of heaven, display a savage rage against those innocents. He received an horrid pleasure, while he beheld their little limbs dashed against the stones, which their spouting veins stained with blood. He was delighted to see them stabbed and dismembered in the arms of their distracted mothers. He hovered, with cruel satisfaction, over that unfortunate city. The cries of these tender victims were, to him, agreeable melody. He fed, with eager joy, on the heart-rending complaints of their inconsolable mothers. The mangled limbs of infants, trampled under the feet of their savage murderers, was to him a pleasing sight; and he felt an hellish transport, when he beheld their fond parents prostrate on the earth, in all the bitterness of anguish, tearing their hair, and, beating their breasts, distained with the blood of their guiltless offspring.

This relentless fiend, revolving in his gloomy breast the actions of hell's fell monarch, disdained ignoble sloth. "I will ascend, (said he)—I will ascend to earth. I'll know the import of the sentence—'Man shall die!' I will accelerate his doom—I will kill." He then with hasty stride, passed through the gate of hell. He marked and trod the footsteps the arch fiend had traced through anci-

ent Night, and the tumultuous empire of Chaos. Thus a brigantine, equipped for theft, steers with full sail through the immense sea, and, stopping on the coast of Hesperia, surprizes the tranquil inhabitants of some peaceful village; seizes the active youth, while fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and inconsolable wives, lament on the shore, pursuing; with their weeping eyes, the ravishers, who, with out-spread sails, soon escape from sight.

This detestable Anamelech long flew, with rapidity, through the gloomy empire of night, till at length he perceived a faint light on the frontiers of the created universe. As a malefactor, meditating some horrid murder, in the shade and silence of the night, proceeds to execute his bloody purpose, through a gloom towards the city, and finds it on all sides illuminated, is struck with fear, and would gladly hide himself from every eye; thus the impure spirit was agitated with terror, while he traversed the immense sphere which surrounded the earth. On his arrival on this globe, his piercing eye soon discovered the abode of man, and he alighted in the shady grove.

“ Here then, (said he) dwells man, heaven’s new favourite. This earth is accursed, and far unlike the smiling garden where he

first was placed. Delightful spot! now guarded by the flaming sword; for I beheld it while I hovered o'er the earth. This they have lost; but what is left them is not hell. Perhaps, by plaintive supplications, they have softened the anger of their God; for, did not hell still follow me from place to place; did I not bear within myself an hell, I might, for aught I see, be happy here; but possibly their grosser bodies may be subject to pains, to griefs unknown to etherial substances. Ah! I see some of the heavenly host placed as guardians over man, though under malediction. I must elude their care, escape their attention, or all my designs will be rendered abortive, and I shall become the sport rather than the admiration of Satan, and the sycophants who surround his throne. Yonder is the family of sinners; but I see no signs of misery: their evils, perhaps, commence not till death. I'll know. If their hearts are open to seduction, I will, by my wiles, engage them in new crimes that may accelerate their punishment. Satan succeeded, by an easy artifice, with the chiefs of this family, while they were yet perfect. Now they are degraded by sin, and the curse of their God, can it be harder to subvert them? No: I shall induce them to commit actions so black, that their heavenly guardians shall quit the



earth with horror, and he who created them shall, by his thunder, exterminate the ungrateful race, or precipitate them into the burning lake: then, on our scorching banks, we shall taste of joy—shall triumph, while we behold these worthy inhabitants of this new world rolling in flames of sulphur, cursing their existence, and their Almighty Maker. Ah!—I see one of them bears on his brow the marks of sullen discontent. He has a ferocity in his looks that gives me hopes. My first effort shall be on him. His companion weeps—I will learn the cause of her tears.

The malevolent spirit, invisible to human sight, followed Cain and his spouse, meditating seduction and murder. When they were retired to their dwelling, the impure dæmon repeated after them, in malicious mockery—"Rise superior to the vexations that intrude themselves into thine heart? Drive far from thee these clouds of melancholy that would obscure thy days!" Then quitting irony to give utterance to the infernal malice by which he was agitated—"No, (said he) what is good shall never take root in thine ungrateful heart: I will destroy it. These clouds of melancholy thou wouldst disperse, shall be re-assembled over thy head, thick and black, as those which surround

with eternal darkness the summits of the infernal mountains. My task will be no hard one. Thou thyself labourest to assemble them. I have only to assist thee: it will be to me a pleasing task to second thine own efforts. Yes, I will accumulate them on thy brow: desolation and misery yet unknown to the human race, shall find entrance among mortals; thy days shall be filled with horror and darkness, and these darlings of heaven shall taste the cup of wrath, poured forth for angels."

Chearful dawn again began to gild the horizon, inspiring songs and gaiety, when Cain, with his instruments of husbandry, was going to the field. Abel had already given him the salute of the morning, and was conducting his flocks to pastures, still moist with the dew of the night. Mahala and Thirza were advancing, hand in hand, towards the garden which surrounded the altar. They stopt to salute their brothers, when Eve came to them from her cabin, with gestures of desperation.—Both were seized with inquietude and concern, and approaching her, cried out, with emotion,—“O my mother! You weep.—Why weep you?” Eve, at this question, redoubled her tears, then endeavouring to stifle her grief, she, giving them a look of affection, said, while her words were inter-

rupted by sighs, "Alas, my children, have you not heard dreadful groans come from our dwelling? The sharpest pains this night have seized your father, and he now struggles with some disease that seems to penetrate even to his bones, He endeavours to conceal his anguish. He would prevent the sighs that escape from my heart. He suppresses his complaints, and strives to console me. But, O my children! the most poignant grief has taken possession of my soul, and my tortured heart refuses all consolation. When he reposes in most tranquillity, he seems lost in reflection: an instant after he groans with agony: a cold sweat covers his face, and the tears he had restrained burst in a torrent from his eyes. O my dear children, dreadful apprehensions oppress my heart. Support me, my daughters; support your unhappy mother, sinking under the weight of affliction. Let us go to your father." Eve, followed by her lamenting children, returned to her spouse, weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of Mahala.

Filled with sorrow, they surrounded the bed of the sick. Adam then lay tranquil. His countenance and gestures discovered, that in spite of suffering and pain, his soul was master of itself. He cast on his afflicted children a look of parental tenderness. He even



gave them a smile of affection, and said, "The hand of the Almighty, my beloved offspring, is upon me. My intrails are torn with anguish: but, praised be the Lord, who regulates all by unerring wisdom! perhaps he has ordained these pains to unloose the bands that unite my soul to this frail body. It is now to return to the dust of which it is formed, I submit. I adore the dispensations of my Maker, and wait with resignation and love, the fatal hour. I will praise thee, the Sovereign of life and death, till this union is dissolved: my soul shall then, delivered from its vesture of earth, offer thee more elevated praise. O God of Consolation! deign to be my support. Teach me to endure, with patience, my present pain, in firm hope of future happiness. But above all forsake me not, O my Maker! forsake not an expiring sinner in the distressful hour of death! Abandon me not, when my soul is dismayed by the last tremblings of nature!"

He then cast his languid eyes on our general mother, who was weeping at his side. "And thou Eve, (said he) whom I love as myself, and you, my dear children, add not to my griefs by your sorrow and tears. How cruelly does your affliction distress me! Cease my beloved, cease these sighs, and these lamentations. Perhaps the Lord may remove

these terrors of his hand, and death may yet be at a distance. Perhaps I may again, even on earth, taste joy and gladness. I wait the good pleasure of my God, and resign myself to his will. Do you, also, my dear children, and you my tender spouse, acquiesce, with submission and devout gratitude, in the Divine appointments. Accustom yourselves beforehand to reflect with holy resignation, on the instant when it shall please the Almighty to strip off this garment of earth, and take me from you." The father of mankind ceased to speak. Sharp pangs again seized him, and he could only utter sighs and groans.

When his agonies were abated, he regarded all about him with silent attention; but his looks were more particularly fixed on Eve, who seemed overwhelmed by her deep distress: her sorrows augmented those of her husband, and, to console her, he again resumed his discourse: "Alas! (said he) the death experienced by the first sinner, will doubtless have something frightful in it, to those who shall behold it: but it will be more terrible still to him who shall be the victim; may that merciful God, who has never abandoned us in our distress, succour me in that dreadful hour!—He will do it—His past mercies are pledges that he will. As for you my children, (added he,) go—leave me—resign

me to the will of the Lord. Pray for me with fervour. This dreadful crisis may perhaps end in a sweet sleep that may restore vigour to my enfeebled members."

Adam was silent. His children stooped to kiss his trembling hand. Yes, my father, (they cried) we will prostrate ourselves before the Lord. We will supplicate that sweet repose may repair thy strength, exhausted by suffering. O may our prayer be accepted! may the Lord remove from thee these pains by which thou art tormented."

With hearts pierced with grief they left the cottage. Eve only remained. "I would sleep, (said Adam, addressing himself to his wife, who sat near his bed, suffused in tears.) Why, my beloved, dost thou give way to thy grief? Thy tenderness, by increasing my pain, may chase repose far from me." At length he wrapt his face in the skins which covered him, to conceal from his companion the distress and inquietude of his mind.

"Is this, (said he to himself)—is this that hour so full of horror? I fear it is. Great God, how terrible!—Abandon me not, O my Maker! forsake not, in the last agony, an expiring sinner! How sweet would be my consolations, even in death, if these sufferings, these fears, would exempt my unhappy offspring from the consequences of the



curse pronounced on them for my sin!—  
But no—the same horrors will terrify, the  
same veil of darkness will extend over all  
born of woman. From a trunk empoisoned  
by sin, what can be produced but sinners—  
sinners subject to death?—I have killed all  
my posterity. All, like me, must be torn from  
those they love—from those whose tenderness  
softened and endeared life, and gave it all its  
delights. O Eve, O spouse, tender and dear!  
what anguish will rend thine heart! What  
tears wilt thou shed over my senseless dust!  
Frightful prospect! Will not my inanimate  
clay tremble, when the orphan, left without  
support, shall lament the loss of its father,  
snatched away by death in the midst of his  
course? Or when decrepit parents shall be de-  
prived of their sons, who were the comfort &  
support of their declining age: when sisters  
shall water with their tears, the dead bodies of  
their brothers; the wife that of the hus-  
band's; the lover that of the object beloved.  
Spare then my memory, O my children!  
Curse not my peaceful dust. It is just that  
the weight of the curse should fall on the last  
hour: the hour that takes us from this life of  
sin. Death, when he divides the soul from  
its covering of clay, will also draw it from a  
state of malediction. If, notwithstanding the  
little power its degradation has left it, it has

struggled against vice, and endeavoured to raise itself to virtue, it shall enjoy never-ending happiness in the regions of immortality. Ye ought not then, O my offspring! to execrate my ashes. Our abode on earth is not properly life; 'tis but the dawn of life: a troublesome dream. Oppress me not then, ye mountains of grief! 'Tis by dying I shall revive. I wait for that instant, firmly relying on the mercies of my God!" Such were the thoughts of Adam, when a profound sleep overpowered his senses.

Eve sat drowned in sorrow, by the bed of her sleeping husband, and in a low voice, fearing to disturb his repose, vented the anguish of her heart.

"What evils do I experience, (said she!) O curse the consequence of sin! let thy burden rest on me; I was the first sinner. Let a double weight of woe fall on my wretched head. It is just, I was the first offender. Ah! 'tis already on me. All the griefs, all the distresses of my husband, of my unhappy offspring, flow from me. Their pains, their sorrows are so many gnawing worms that prey on me. O my spouse! if thou diest—How I tremble at the idea! a general shivering seizes me; the cold sweat trickles down my face. Can the horrors of death be more dreadful? thou art going to die for my fault,

O Adam! If these agonies are to unloose the bands of life! hate me not. Add not to my insupportable miseries, thine anger. And ye my children, curse not your unhappy mother. Guilty as I am, I deserve your pity. Ye upbraid me not, 'tis true, but alas! every sigh, every tear awakens my keen remorse, and is to me a cutting reproach. O God Almighty! lend an ear to my plaintive supplications, and remove his sufferings: or if they are the forerunners of death; if his body must now return to the dust, terrifying thought! separate us not: let me die with him. Suffer my soul to retire first, that I may not behold his last pangs. I was the first sinner." Eve ceased to speak, and remained inconsolable, weeping by the side of her husband.

Cain, in spite of the roughness of his temper, had shed tears at the groans and discourse of his father. He went into the fields when he left the cottage, and thus expressed his concern: "I could not help weeping when I was near the bed of my father: yet I hope he will not die. God grant that this good parent, whom I love, may not die. Yes, I could not help weeping: but yet I am not drowned in sorrow, like my brother. Before I shed tears on all occasions, I must lose my natural firmness, and become like him, soft



and effeminate. Will they still say that I am of a savage disposition? At least, they will imagine that Abel loves Adam better than I, because I cannot weep like him. I love my father: he is as dear to me as to my brother: but I cannot command my tears to flow."

Abel, penetrated with sorrow, went into his pastures. He prostrated himself upon the earth; he bent his head on the grass, which he moistened with his tears, and addressed this prayer to the Almighty.

"With the most profound humility, I would praise thee, O my God! thou conductest the affairs of mortals with unerring wisdom and infinite goodness. Though depressed by grief, I dare presume to offer up to thee my supplications; for thou hast permitted the sinner to implore thy mercy. Thine unmerited goodness has allowed us this sweet consolation, in the midst of the evils which surround us. I ought not, I do not hope that thou wilt change the purposes of thy wisdom, in compliance with the desires of a plaintive worm. Thy ways, O gracious God, are wise and good. To thy will I resign myself, supplicating only for strength to suffer, and for consolation in our pain. Thou knowest, O omniscient God, thou knowest the desires, the ardent wishes of my soul.—If these desires, if these wishes

are not contrary to the designs of Thine infinite wisdom, restore us our common parent;—restore to our afflicted mother, the husband for whom she supplicates Thee: restore him in whom her life is bound up, and whose loss would render her wretched—restore to us, his sorrowing children, a father tenderly beloved—Defer, O God Merciful and Gracious! defer, if it be Thy will, his death to a more distant period. Speak, O God, and it is done: command, and is accomplished. At Thy nod our evils disappear, and joy and gladness, thanksgivings and praise, will resound from the humble habitations of sinners. Permit him, who gave us life, to remain yet longer with us. Spare him, that he may still declare to us Thine infinite bounties, and teach our infant children to lisp forth Thy praise. But, if Thine unerring wisdom has appointed this the time of his dissolution; be not offended, O my Maker! with this excess of our grief.—Pardon the disorder of my words. If he must now die, lend him, O God of compassion!—lend him Thine assistance in the terrible hour of death, and mercifully forgive our cries and groans. Moderate, by Thy divine consolations, our affliction, that we may not offend Thee by our despair.”

Such was the prayer of Abel. He was still prostrate on the earth, from which he was roused by a distant sound. Sweet odours were wafted around, and before him stood a guardian angel resplendent in beauty. On his serene brow he wore a coronet of roses, and his smile was gracious as the opening day. He said, with a voice mild as the breath of the zephyrs, "The Lord hath lent a gracious ear, O Abel! to the voice of thy supplications. He hath granted thee the desires of thine heart. He hath commanded me to assume a body, and to bring thee consolation and succour. The Eternal, who incessantly watches over his creatures, who regards with an eye of beneficence the crawling insect, as well as the arch-angel arrayed in glory, hath ordered this earth to produce, in its bosom, salutary remedies for the diseases of its inhabitants, whose bodies, by the fall, are exposed to pain and sickness, which shall by degress lead them to death and to corruption, the sad consequences of having disobeyed their Maker. Friend, take these plants, and these flowers: they are specifics to restore health to thy father: boil them in the clear water of the fountain: let him drink and be whole."

The angel, having given him the salutary herbs disappeared. Struck with inexpressible astonishment, he remained for some time





*Take these plants and these flowers, they are specifics to restore health to thy Father.*

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immoveable; then breathed the devout gratitude of his soul, in this short ejaculation: "What am I, O God! what am I, that Thou shouldest thus graciously regard my prayers? I am but sinful dust and ashes. I would praise thee, O my God! but thy bounties exceed all praise. The triumphant archangel cannot sufficiently exalt Thy name; yet thou hast deigned to accept the supplications of a worm."

His lively joy lent him wings. He ran to his cottage, and with eager impatience prepared the odoriferous dilution. This performed, he flew to his father. Eve was still bathed in tears, and her daughters sat pensive by her side. They saw with surprise his eagerness, the joy which sparkled in his eyes, and the smile which sat upon his lips, "Dry up your tears, my beloved," said he, as he entered. "Weep no more, O my mother! the Lord hath heard our prayers, he hath sent us succour. An angel hath appeared to me in the pastures. He hath given me aromatic herbs and flowers, gathered by his celestial hand. "Boil these, (said he) in clear water, and restore health to thy father." They heard his words with astonishment, and rendered thanks to the Lord, with gratitude and humble confidence—The sick drank the healing draught, and soon experienced its sa-



lutory effects. Adam now raised himself on his bed, and with ardent piety offered up his adorations; then taking the hand of Abel, he pressed it to his cheek, and wetted it with tears of joy, saying, "O my son! blessed be thou! thou, by whom God hath sent me succour; thou, whose virtue pleaseth the Lord; thou, whose prayer he accepts, and hath vouchsafed to answer. I again bless thee, my son! my beloved son!"—Eve and her daughters then embraced him, by whom the Lord hath sent them succour.

Cain at this instant entered the dwelling of his father. While in the field, he had been tormented with care and anxiety:—"I will return, (said he to himself) I will return to my father:—perhaps he needs my assistance.—Perhaps he is already dead, and I have not received a last blessing from his lips. I will hasten to him.—I love my father."

On his entrance he saw with amazement, their joy. He heard Adam blessing his brother.—Mahala, his wife, ran to him, and embracing him, said, "The Lord, my beloved, hath sent us succour by the hand of Abel." Cain approached the bed of Adam, and, kissing his hand, said, "I salute thee, O my father! Praise be God, who restores thee to our tears; but, O my father, have you no blessing for me? you have blessed

my brother, by whom the Lord sent you help; bless me also—me, your first-born.” Adam giving him a look of affection, and pressing his hand between both his, said. “I give thee my blessing, O Cain! Be blessed of God, O my first-born! May the favour of the Lord rest always on thee! May thine heart enjoy tranquillity and peace, and thy soul uninterrupted repose!” Cain then embraced his brother. How could he avoid it? all had embraced him.

Cain left his father’s dwelling; but it was to retire into the gloomy recesses of a thick grove, where, oppressed with melancholy, he repeated after Adam, “Peace and tranquillity—and uninterrupted repose—How can I enjoy this tranquillity?—Where shall I find this repose! Was I not forced to petition for a blessing, while his affection made him, unasked, pour forth his soul in blessings on my happy brother? He has allowed me my rank of first-born: What advantage to me is this superiority? Misery is my inheritance;—disdain my portion. It is by the hand of Abel, the Lord hath restored health to our father; I am rejected. The bright messengers of heaven appear not unto me; they pass me with contempt; they honour me not with their regards. While I spend my strength in the labours of the field; while the sweat

drops from my face, embrowned by the scorching sun, the angels hold converse with him, whose delicate hands are unsoiled by labour ; who lies idle near his flock, or, with unmanly softness, is shedding tears, because the shining dew glitters on the grass and herbage, or the setting sun tinges the clouds with purple.—Happy favourite ! All nature smiles on thee. I only feel the curse ; I only eat my bread by the sweat of my brow. The whole weight of the divine malediction falls on my wretched head. I am in every thing unhappy.” Thus revolving in his melancholy brain gloomy ideas, the offspring of hatred and envy, he wandered in the thick shade.

The sun was retiring behind the azure mountains, and reflected on the clouds a glowing red, when Adam said to his wife, “I will, my beloved, before the day is closed, render thanks to God, who hath restored my health.” He left his bed, full of strength and vigour, and repaired, accompanied by his daughters, to the entrance of his cottage. The departing sun diffused a mild light over the fields : Adam cast himself on his knees, and viewed with transport, the country thus enlightened. “Here I am, (said he, with fervent effusion of heart)—here am I, my Sovereign Master, prostrate



before Thy face, penetrated with a lively sense of thine infinite goodness. Ye agonizing pangs? what are become of you? ye pierced my bones, ye scorched my vitals; yet in the midst of my anguish, my soul lost not her hope; she placed her confidence in God, and was not disappointed. The Almighty lent a gracious ear to the groans and cries of a sinner. He regarded the voice of a worm. Health returned: Pain and sorrow were no more. Death shall not yet triumph over my dust: I shall still praise my Maker, in this habitation of clay; this house of corruption. I will praise Thee, O my God! I will praise Thee from the early dawn to the rising of the evening star. While my soul is confined in this body of earth, it shall stammer forth its gratitude; but it will praise Thee in more exalted strains, when disengaged from this obstructing dust, it shall rise triumphant and refined; it shall then behold Thee face to face, arrayed in all the lustre of thy magnificence. O ye angels, resplendent in light! cast your eyes on this dwelling of sinners, this abode of death. The earth shook from its foundations when it became defiled by sin, and its Almighty Maker turned from it in his regards. Yet, on this earth, he now displays the wonders of his love. Attune your golden harps to

his praise. Exalt his name in seraphic strains, while man, weak man, can only lisp his rapture, I salute thee, O sun! I salute thy retiring beams. When thy morning rays enlightened these fields, I groaned, oppressed by pain; when they illumined my dwelling, I saluted them with my sighs:—ere they have given place to the grey twillight, I am returning thanks to the Lord of life, who hath removed my griefs. I salute you, ye lofty mountains, and ye hills, scattered over the plain; mine eyes shall still behold, reflected from your summits, the glowing brightness of the rising and setting sun. I salute you, O ye birds, who chant the praises of the Eternal! your songs shall still recreate mine ear. Ye limpid streams, I shall again repose my weary limbs on your flowery banks; again be lulled to rest by your soft murmurs; and ye groves, ye bowers, ye woods, I shall still walk under your refreshing shades; ye shall again shield me from the sun's too ardent ray, when, wrapt in profound meditation, I shall wander in your fragrant retreats. I salute thee, O nature entire: but I worship and adore only nature's God, who supported my vile clay, when ready to crumble into dust."

The father of men thus praised the Lord, while the whole creation appeared attentive

to his prayer, and seemed to felicitate his return to life. The glorious orb of day darted on him its last rays. The young zephyrs wafted on their ambrosial wings the aromatic perfumes of the groves and gardens, as if charged by the flowers to exhale their sweets to him. The feathered inhabitants of the woods saluted him with their softest notes, as actuated by a lively joy.

Cain and Abel came under the shade, while Adam was yet on his knees. They saw, with delight, their father restored to health. The prayer ended, Adam arose from the earth, he embraced, and received the embraces of his transported children; he kissed, with fond affection, the moistened cheek of our general mother; after which, he, Eve and their daughters, returned to their dwelling. Abel then addressing himself to Cain, said, "Let us also, my dear brother, render thanks to God Most High, who has restored to our tears our affectionate father. I will by the light of the moon, which is now rising, offer on mine altar a young lamb: Wilt thou not also, on thine altar make an offering?"

Cain, giving him a gloomy and angry look, said, "Yes, I will present an offering to the Lord of what my barren fields afford." Abel, with graceful sweetness, replied, "O my brother! the Lord our God counts as nothing



the lamb which burns before him, neither doth he regard the fruits of the field which the fire consumes. 'Tis the ardent piety that flames in the heart of the worshipper, that gives the offering all its value."

Cain returned, "The fire of heaven will perhaps consume thy victim; for by thee the Lord sent health to our father—I am disdain-ed. However, I will make my offering. I am, as well as thee, penetrated with gratitude. Our father, who is restored to our wishes, is equally dear to me, as to thee. Let the Lord do with me, miserable worm! according to his good pleasure."

Abel tenderly threw himself on the neck of Cain, saying, "Ah, my brother, my dear brother! dost thou make the Lord's having sent, by my hand, relief to our father, a new subject of discontent? I was charged with this commission for us all. All prayed to the Lord: the prayers of all were answered. Banish from thy bosom, my dear brother!—Let me intreat thee, to banish for ever these gloomy ideas. The Lord, who sees into the inmost recesses of our souls, can discover their unjust thoughts and secret murmurs. Love me, as I love thee. Offer thine offering: but suffer it not to be defiled by any impure dispositions. May the Lord, O my brother! favourably accept thy praises, and graciously shed his blessings on thee."

Cain answered not; but walked towards his field, and Abel, looking after him with a pitying eye, repaired to his pastures. Each advanced to his altar; Abel slew a young lamb, laid it on his altar; scattered on it odoriferous herbs and flowers, and put fire to the offering, then, warmed with fervent piety, prostrated himself before it, and with humble gratitude, praised the Lord. The flame arose on high through the gloom of night, and enlightened the fields and pastures. The Lord forbade the winds to blow, because the sacrifice was acceptable.

Cain laid on his altar the fruits of the field;—put fire to the offering, and also prostrated himself before it. Instantly a terrific sound was heard among the bushes. A furious whirlwind advanced towards the altar; dispersed the offering of Cain, and covered him with flame and smok. He retired trembling, when a majestic voice, proceeding from the darkness, uttered these awful words, “Why tremblest thou? Why is pale fear seen on thy visage? There is yet time; correct thyself; repent, and I will pardon thy sin: if thou dost not, thy crime and its chastisement shall pursue thee for ever. Why hatest thou thy brother? He loves thee, he honours thee with true affection.”

Cain, seized with horror, quitted the place of sacrifice, a tempestuous wind driving after him the infected smoke of the offering. Appaled with terror, he wandered through the darkness. His heart trembled within him, and a cold sweat ran down his face. Casting his eyes around, he beheld the bright flame of his brother's sacrifice rising in the air in spiry waves. At this view, he turned aside his head, and gnashing his teeth, cried, "Ah! there's the sacrifice of the favourite! Fly, mine eyes, this hateful sight. Another look would fill my soul with all the rage of the infernals. I cannot help cursing, in my heart, this darling of Heaven and of all nature.—I cannot help cursing him with trembling lips.—But turn, unhappy wretch, turn thy fury on thyself. Come, O death! O destruction come, and put a period to my miseries, and to my life! Why, O my father, didst thou suffer thyself to be seduced! Why, O my mother, didst thou entail miseries on thy wretched offspring? Shall I present myself before you, in the horrors of my despair? Shall my agonies, my terrors, my insupportable wretchedness, shew you the distresses your fatal lapse prepared for your descendants? Ah! No.—Revenge not, unhappy man—revenge not thyself on a father, by bringing before his eyes a spectacle of such



horror. Seized with terror, he would expire in my sight, and I should, if possible, be still more wretched. The wrath of the Lord lies heavy on me. He has cursed me. He disdains mine offering. I am the most desolate creature on the face of the earth. The animals of the field, the reptiles of the ground, compared with me, are worthy of envy. O merciful God! if it be possible, extend thine indulgence to me. Turn from me, O God! thy fierce anger, or again reduce me to nothing.—But what do I say? Oh hard obdurate heart! ‘Correct thyself,’ he hath said, ‘and I will pardon thy past offences.’ Chuse pardon or misery!—misery eternal! misery inexpressible! Yes I have sinned:—mine iniquities rise above my head: they cry for vengeance. Thou art just, O God! thy vengeance is also just’ The farther we stray from the path of perfection and wisdom, the farther we stray from happiness. I must then be guilty, since I am unhappy. I will forsake these ways of perverseness. Turn thine eyes, O God, from my past offences! Preserve me from committing new ones. Take pity on me, O my God? or reduce me to nothing.

THE  
DEATH OF ABEL.

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BOOK IV.

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THE air was yet moist with the dew of night; the birds still slept in silence; the sun had not begun to gild the tops of the hills, or the hovering fogs of the morning; yet Cain, distressed and melancholy, had left his cottage. Mahala, unknowing she was overheard, had wept, and prayed for him during the tedious night. The black traces of despair were too visible in his countenance, to escape the observation of his affectionate wife.—She raised to heaven her supplicating hands. She begged for him mercy and forgiveness. She entreated that the Divine consolations and grace might soothe and soften the heart of her wretched husband. Her lively grief, her intense devotion, as she feared disturbing the partner of her bed, were uttered only in sighs and tears. Yet the inarticulate expressions of her sorrow had reached the ears of Cain, who, unable to bear her grief, had wandered in the early dawn. His murmuring voice resounded

through the profound calm of the fields like distant thunder. "Night odious! night horrible! (said he.) What black clouds surround me! What fears! What terrors! When my imagination began to be calmed, when gentle sleep had hushed my griefs, the voice of lamentation awoke me. Alas! I only awake to be replunged in wretchedness. Shall I never more enjoy repose? Why did she pray and weep for me? She yet knows not that my offering was rejected.—Her tears encrease my distress.—I cannot bear her groans—they add to my griefs—they chase peace from my heart. This day, like the last, must be passed in sorrow and bitterness. While a smile of approbation rewards every action of my brother, while he enjoys every soothing delight, terror and sadness pursue me. I love thee Mahala—I love thee tenderly. Thou art dearer to me than myself. Why then shouldest thou, by thy lamentations, fill with anguish the few hours of rest my miseries have left me?"

He stopt under a bush that grew on the side of a rock: "O soft sleep! (said he) restore me here thy balmy blessings. Unhappy that I am, weakened by fatigue and terror, I invoked thee in my cottage. Scarce hadst thou spread over me thy downy pinions, when the voice of sorrow chased thee from mine



eyes. Here is none to trouble my repose, except beings inanimate, influenced by the wrath of Heaven, can drive quiet from me, even in this distant retreat. O earth, which by a curse too severe, requires such painful labour.—Alas! I only labour to prolong a life of wretchedness :—now at least, let me on thy bosom find some moments of rest, to repair my exhausted strength. I expect no other happiness. I know no greater.” He was silent. He laid himself on the fragrant grass; and the power he had invoked wrapt him in his sable wing.

Anamelech secretly followed the steps of Cain. He was now at his side. “A profound sleep, (said the malicious spirit) has closed his eyes. I will continue near him, to accomplish my purpose, and accelerate his destruction. Come, assist me ye hovering dreams, disturb his soul with fantastic visions : assemble each image that can inspire him with fury and distraction. Come Envy with corrosive tooth, hot Rage, and every tumultuous passion.” Thus spake the spirit impure, and with intent malign laid him near Cain. A furious wind arose : it howled in the caverns of the rocks : it shook with dreadful roar the bushes, and rudely agitated the hair of Cain. But in vain it howled in the caverns of the rocks : in vain it shook with

dreadful roar the bushes : in vain it rudely agitated the hair of Cain : sleep sat heavy on his wearied eye-lids, and he still kept them closed.

He beheld in a dream a vast field, on which were scattered a number of mean cottages. He saw his sons and grandsons dispersed over the plains, where they resolutely exposed themselves to the mid-day sun, which darted his scorching rays on their heads. Assiduous at their painful labours, sometimes they gathered fruit for their subsistence ; at others prepared the earth to receive fresh seeds ; or stooping wounded their hands with pulling up the thorny brambles ; lest they should choak the rising grain, and lessen the utility of their former industry. He saw also their wives busied in domestic labour. He beheld them preparing a frugal refreshment against the return of their husbands. Eliel, his eldest son, then appeared before him. He saw him lift with difficulty a heavy burden from the earth : he bore it on his shoulders, tottering under the load ; the sweat streamed from his embrowned face, and sorrow and discontent appeared in his eyes. “ What a life of misery ! (said Eliel.) How well is the prediction fulfilled, which said, ‘ Man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow !’ Did the Creator banish from his presence all the

offspring of Adam? or did the curse affect only the children of the first-born? too severely is it felt by us the sons of Cain: our portion is labour and indigence; while in yonder fields, inhabited by the children of Abel, from which our unnatural kinsmen have banished us to these barren deserts, is concentrated all that can give delight to man. There the earth spontaneously pours forth her bounties. Those sons of luxury recline in fragrant bowers. Nature herself seems subservient to their ease and sloth. Every comfort, every pleasure, if pleasure is to be found on earth, is the portion of those voluptuous idlers." Thus murmuring, Eliel slowly staggered towards the cottages.

Cain was now carried, on imagination's sportive wing, to a plain enamelled with a variety of flowers, watered by limpid brooks, which, meandering, ran with soft murmurs near aromatic bowers, under the shade of turfed groves. The banks were decorated with lofty trees, and the clear water, reflecting the vivid colours of their several fruits, formed a new landscape. The streams, after thus roving through the flowery turf, finished their wandering course in an ample lake, whose glassy surface was smooth and unruffled. He saw at a distance a citron grove, where played the wanton zephyrs,



fanning with their ambrosial wings, the sweets around. The prospect was terminated by a range of lofty fig-trees, which spread their extensive shade over the tender flowers. In this delightful spot were accumulated all the beauties with which imaginative fable has decorated the charming vale of Tempe, or Onidus's luxuriant land; where rose, consecrated to Venus, a magnificent temple on lucid columns.

Cain saw in his dream flocks white as the falling snow, sporting in the meadows, or cropping the plenteous herbage while the indolent shepherd, whose head was encircled with a wreath of flowers, lay reclined under the spreading palm, chanting to the sympathizing object of his passion an amorous lay. There boys blooming as the loves, and girls sweet as the graces, assembled under arches of interwoven honey-suckles and myrtles, where with agile feet they formed the festive dance. The bright juice of the grape sparkled in golden goblets, and delicious fruits were spread on tables covered with flowers; while the ambient air resounded with vocal and instrumental harmony. Cain with regret beheld these children of dissipation. He saw a young man rise in the midst of the sportive assembly, and heard him thus address his brethren: "I rejoice with you, my

jocund friends ; I rejoice in our present felicity. Nature smiles on us ; she has united in this delightful spot all that can charm the eye or ravish the heart : but to conserve her bounties, we must again return to labour ; and labour is troublesome and fatiguing. Shall our hands, formed to touch the soft lute, and sounding lyre, be rendered callous by the drudgery of the field ? Shall our heads which so well become these encircling roses, be again exposed to the sun's fierce rays ? No, we will recline on beds of violets under the myrtle, while the hardy sons of the earth, the brawny inhabitants of yonder plains, shall for us endure the toil of labour. The men shall till our grounds, their wives and daughters shall be the servants of ours. What say ye, my gay companions, is the prospect pleasing ? You smile approbation. Lend me your assistance, my dear brethren, and ere to morrow's dawn, we will make it a joyful reality. When the sun has withdrawn his rays from the earth, and night has spread over it her mantle of darkness, we will march in silence to the cottages of those rustics. We shall doubtless find them, after the rugged toil of the day, buried in the arms of sleep, and shall easily take them captive. 'Tis true, our number is superior to theirs, and you may wonder that I recommend si-

lence, and chuse night for our expedition : but my friends, the men are strong : hardship and fatigue have braced their nerves, and despair may render them desparate. Let us then avoid a battle, in which, if victors, we must suffer some loss, and chuse the least dangerous method of affecting our purpose." The young man was silent. The whole assembly were unanimous in his praises, and shewed their readiness to join in the infernal scheme by loud shouts of applause.

A new scene now struck the eyes of Cain. It was night, and the inhuman artifice was put in execution. He heard cries of desolation and terror, intermingled with shouts of insult and triumph. He beheld the fields and rocks illumined by the flames of the burning cottages ; by this dreadful light, he saw his sons and grandsons bound, and with their wives and infants, tamely marching before the children of Abel, like a flock of bleating sheep.

Such was the dream of Cain. He was distressed though asleep. When Abel, having perceived him under the bushes at the foot of the rock, approached, and with looks of affection, and a voice of tenderness, said, " Ah, my brother, soon mayest thou awake ! I long to embrace thee and to express the sweet sensation by which my heart is engross-



ed. I love thee, my brother; I see with pain thy uneasiness, and gladly would remove from thy soul the fatal jealousy that imbitters thy days. Awake, O Cain, awake that my heart may again know the pleasures of reconciliation. But soft ye impatient wishes—Breathe gentle, ye winds: ye birds, cease your untimely melody, lest ye disturb the precious repose of my brother. Perhaps his fatigued limbs require yet longer the restorative influences of sleep—But how he lies!—how pale!--how wan!--His features seem distorted by fury. Why do you distress him, ye visions of terror! Leave his soul to enjoy tranquility, ye imaginary horrors. Take possession of it, ye pleasing images: Present to his mind, the sweet occupations of domestic life; the tender delights of the husband and the father. May every thing most lovely in the creation fill his imagination, and soothe his soul! May he awake calm and smiling as the vernal morn! May joy expand his countenance, and his delighted heart utter its gratitude to the Great Giver of every good in devout praise!" He spoke no more, but stood stedfastly looking at Cain, while astonishment, inquietude, and tender love, were visible in his eyes.

As the fierce lion couches at the foot of a rock, (who, though asleep, freezes with ter-

ror the trembling traveller, and obliges him to take a wide circuit to avoid the dreadful beast) if the murderous arrow, in its rapid flight, pierces his side, suddenly starts, and, with dreadful roar, seeks his enemy. He foams.—He rages. His blazing eyes menace destruction. The first object he meets is the victim of his fury; perhaps an innocent child playing on the grass with the variagated flowers. Not less terrible rose Cain. His eyes were enflamed, and rancour sat on his pallid cheek. A storm of wrath was gathering. The cloud burst. He stamped his foot on the ground. “Open, O earth! (he cried.) Open, O earth! and hide me—hide me from my miseries in thy lowest abyss. My life is one continued round of distress and torture, and as if this was not enough, I see—insupportable prospect!—I see that my children shall one day inherit my miseries. But I implore in vain; thou wilt not open. The Almighty avenger restrains thee. I must, such is his will, I must be wretched. And that future evils may disturb my scanty enjoyment of present good, he himself draws aside the veil. Curst be the hour when my mother, by my birth, gave the first proof of her sad fertility! Curst be the place where she first felt the pangs of child-birth! May all its products perish! May he that shall sow it, lose his

grain and his labour! May sudden terror strike even to the bones, all who shall pass over it!"

These were the imprecations of Cain. When Abel, pale as the sculptured marble, ventured to approach him with slow and unsteady step. "My brother! (said he, in a trembling voice.) No—O my God!—Horror freezes my blood—One of the seditious spirits, whom the Eternal precipitated from Heaven, has surely taken his form, under which he utters his blasphemies!—Where art thou my brother?—I fly to seek thee—to bless thee—Where art thou my brother?"

"Here I am, (cried Cain in a voice of thunder :) here am I, thou soft favourite—thou dear minion of the vengeful Eternal, and of all Nature—thou whose vigorous race are one day solely to engross all the felicity of this world. Yes, so it must be. It is fit there should be a tribe of slaves, as beasts of burden to the favourite lineage. Their delicate limbs must not endure the hardships of labour. Formed only for voluptuous idleness, the sons of sloth must recline in shady bowers while—The rage of hell is in my heart—Cannot I—"

"Cain! my brother! (said Abel, interrupting him, with a voice and look that at once expressed his horror, affection and



astonishment :) What terrifying dream has troubled thy soul? I sought thee in the early dawn. I came to embrace thee at the springing day. But how do I find thee agitated? How dost thou return my tender love? When, O when, my dearest brother! shall peace, shall amity bless our dwelling? When will come the happy day—a day, after which our indulgent parents so ardently long, when fraternal affection and social joy shall be firmly re-established? O Cain! Cain! canst thou so soon forget the pleasures of reconciliation, of which thou seemd'st so sensible, when in raptures of joy and friendship, I flew into thine arms? Have I offended thee my brother?—Unknowingly have I offended thee? then—But, why dost thou cast on me such furious looks? By all that is sacred, I conjure thee to forget my involuntary fault, and receive my embraces.” As Abel pronounced the last words, he stooped to clasp the knees of his brother; but Cain started back, crying, “Ah, thou serpent! Wouldest thou twine thyself about me!” At the same instant, with an arm strengthened by rage, he swung a massy club and smote the head of his brother. The innocent victim of his fury fell at his feet. The bones of his head were crushed. He once raised his dying eyes to his unnatural

brother, and giving him a look of pardon and pity, expired. His blood distained the waving curls of his fair hair, and ran in a stream to the feet of his murderer.

Cain stood motionless, stiffened with horror. The cold sweat ran from his trembling members, while he beheld with agony the last convulsions of his expiring brother. The smoke of the blood he had shed ascended even to him. "Cursed blow! (he cried.) My brother—Awake—awake, O my brother!—How pale!—His eyes are fixed!—The blood streams from his head!—Miserable that I was—Ah! what am I now?—Infernal horrors!—

Thus he cried aloud, and furiously threw from him the bloody club: then with violence struck his temples. He stooped to the dead body, and endeavoured to raise it from the earth, crying. "Abel!—my brother!—awake! Ah! what tortures do I feel!—How his head hangs!—how it bleeds!—how helpless!—Dead!—O anguish insupportable—he is dead. My crime is without remedy,—I fly—whither fly? My tottering knees will scarce bear me." Having thus spoke, trembling he hid himself among the bushes.

The seducer with triumph in his look, remained near the dead. Elate with pride, he stretched his gigantic form to its full height,

and his countenance was not less dreadful than the black pillar of smoke, arising from the half-consumed lumber of a lonely cottage, is to the inhabitants, who, returning from their peaceful labours, find all their convenience, all their riches, the prey of the devouring flames. Anamelech followed the criminal with his eyes, while a ruthless smile spoke his exultation. He then cast on the bleeding body a look of complacency. "Pleasing sight! (said he) I see for the first time this earth wet with human blood. The flow of the sacred springs of Heaven, before the fatal hour when the Master of the universe precipitated us from those seats of bliss, never gave me half this pleasure. Never did the harmonious harps of the arch-angels give me such delight, as the last sighs of a brother murdered by his brother.—And thou, the noblest of thy Maker's works; thou last best effort of his creating hand; what a despicable figure dost thou now make! Rise beautiful youth! Rise thou friend of angels! This indolence in thine orisons ill becomes the worship of thy God! But he stirs not. His own brother has left him weltering in his blood. No, that honour is mine. I guided the arm of the fratricide. It is by actions, such as Satan himself would boast, I shall rise above the vile populace of Hell. I hasten to the foot of the infernal throne.



The vast concave of the fiery gulph will re-  
verberate my praises. I shall move in triumph  
through crowds of ignoble spirits, whom no  
hardy atchievements has dignified, and look  
down with scorn on those, who till now were  
accounted my equals." Inflated with arro-  
gance, he turned once more to glut his eyes  
with a last view of the victim : but the hide-  
ous traces of despair instantaneously dissipat-  
ed his ironic smile, and effaced the trium-  
phant pride which sat on his expanded brow.  
The Lord commanded, and he was seized by  
infernal horrors : he was overwhelmed by a  
deluge of terror. He now cursed his exis-  
tence : he cursed eternity, replete with tor-  
ments, and yelling fled.

The last sighs of the dying ascended to the  
throne of God, and demanded of Eternal  
Justice vengeance on the murderer. Thun-  
der was heard from the holy sanctuary. The  
golden harps ceased to sound. The eternal  
hallelujahs were interrupted. Three times  
the thunder echoed through the lofty arch of  
Heaven. This awful sound was succeeded by  
the majestic voice of God, issuing from the  
silver cloud that encompassed his throne. It  
summoned an arch-angel. The lucid spirit  
advanced towards the seat of the Most High.  
veiling his face with his effulgent wings ; and  
God said, "Death has made his first prey on

man. Henceforth be it thy function to assemble the souls of the just. I myself spoke to that of Abel when he fell. When the righteous man is languishing in the cold sweat of death, be thou at his side. By assuring him of eternal felicity, support him in those moments of anxiety, when his soul trembling at the view of his past life, dreads a separation from its dust. Thou shalt then calm his fears, and inspire him with confidence. Thou shalt turn his eyes from my rigorous justice, and fix them on my long-suffering and tender mercies. Hasten now towards the earth to meet the soul of Abel. Thou Michael, go with him, and declare to the murderer the sentence pronounced against him." Thus spoke the Eternal, and again the thunder thrice echoed through the lofty arch of Heaven. The arch-angels, with rapid wing, passed through the celestial ranks. The gates of the divine abode spontaneously opening to the heavenly messengers, they traversed the boundless expanse on all sides resplendent, amidst suns without number, and alighted on the earth.

The angel of death called forth the soul of Abel from the ensanguined dust. It advanced with a smile of joy. The more pure and spirituous parts of the body flew off, and

mixing with the balsamic exhalations, wafted by the zephyrs from the flowers which sprung up within the compass irradiated by the angel, environed the soul, forming for it an ethereal body. It saw with a transport, till then unknown, the bright messenger coming towards it.

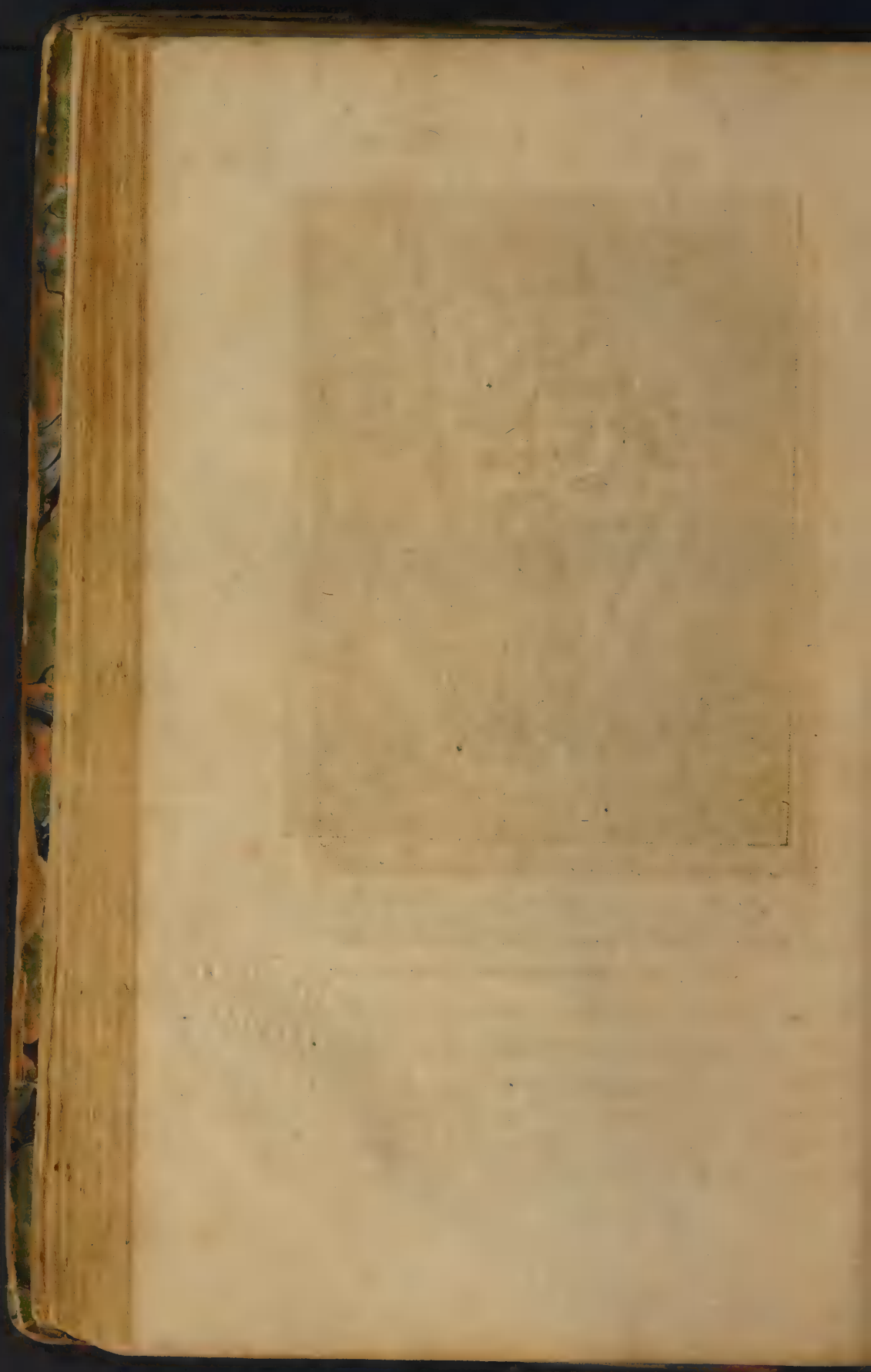
“I salute thee, (said the celestial spirit ; while benignity and joy beamed in his eyes :) I salute thee, O happy soul, now disengaged from thy encumbering dust. Receive my embraces. It is to me an increase of felicity, that I am chosen by the Most High to introduce thee into the realms of light and bliss, where myriads of angels wait to hail thee. Conceive, if thou canst, beloved soul, conceive what it is to behold God face to face :—to have communion with him for ever. Thou art going to experience the riches of his grace, the wonders of his love. Thou wilt soon know the immense rewards with which he recompences virtue. O thou, who hast first laid down thy covering of dust, to be cloathed in light, I once more embrace thee.”

“Permit me also to embrace thee, celestial friend, (replied the soul, and overpowered by the extatic sense of its beatitude, it reclined on the angel.) Delight extreme !—bliss inexpressible !—While my soul was imprisoned in the perishing clay, from which





*Permit me also to embrace thee, celestial friend !  
reply'd the soul ; and overpower'd by the ecstatic  
sense of its beatitude, it reclined on the angel.*



it is now released, I meditated in solitude, by the mild and soft light of the unclouded moon, on the charms of virtue, on the glories of my God. These sublime objects, even then, elevated me above myself, and I experienced, without knowing it, a faint dawn of the felicity I at present taste. But how much more attractive now are the charms of virtue! How are my ideas of the Divine attributes exalted and enlarged! What new thoughts! ---What are now the beauties of spring! O Sun! where is now thy dazzling lustre?" The enraptured soul again embraced the angel, and continued to utter its transports. "Eternity now is mine. All sublunary cares are at an end. I shall for ever be employed in praising my God, who, with unbounded beneficence bestows never-ending felicity on the soul that pants after virtue, and delights in the beauty of goodness. For ever shall I exalt his name; for ever shall I enjoy ineffable bliss: for I shall see him as he is."

Thus did these two happy spirits interchange reciprocal endearments, and the sweet embrace. "Follow me, my friend, (said the arch-angel;) follow my flight. Let us quit the earth; nothing here can now be dear to thee, but the virtuous. Regret not to leave them behind; for after a few more rising and setting suns, they too will partake of



thy felicity. At present the celestial choir wait with ardent expectation thy coming. Haste to embrace your new friends, and join with them in incessant hallelujahs to the Eternal."

"I follow thee, (replied the righteous soul.) Into what a torrent of delight and felicity art thou conveying me, dear and respectable friend, whose nature is so far superior to mine! O my beloved kindred, whom I leave still embodied in dust; who must still remain in this vale of tears; when the days of your lives are fulfilled, when the hour of your dissolution is at hand, and the celestial introducer of souls shall descend to meet you, I will accompany him: for at the foot of the Almighty's throne I will beg this grace. With what joy shall I see pure and holy souls rise from this seat of corruption, from this region of death! And thou too, Thirza, my dear and tender companion! when thou hast yet a little longer wept over my mouldering dust, and hast reared to virtue the infant that now but begins to prattle forth its thoughts, thou must be the prey of death. What rapture! when thy soul quitting the cold clay, shall fly into mine arms."

Thus spake Abel, and, rising in the air, began to lose sight of the earth. As his eyes were taking a last look on the dwellings,

whose inhabitants were still dear to him, he beheld his brother : remorse was imprinted on his countenance : his clenched hands were held over his head : he suddenly lifted up his eyes to Heaven, then, frantic with despair, struck, with repeated blows, his throbbing breast : he cast himself in agony on the earth, and rolled in the dust. Tears of compassion dropped from the eyes of the happy, and he turned aside from the frightful scene. His heavenly conductor was now joined by multitudes of angels : the tutelar spirits of the earth surrounded the celestial travellers : they congratulated the soul of Abel, on its deliverances from sin and death : they embraced him in holy rapture ; and having escorted him to the confines of the terrestrial atmosphere, they reclined on a crimson cloud, and to the soft lute and silver harp, joined the melody of their celestial voices, chanting in chorus.

“ He rises ! the new inhabitant of Heaven rises to his native land. Render him homage, ye brilliant constellations, which roll in the immensity of space ; render homage, with gladness to the earth, your companion. What glory to that opaque sphere, to have nourished in its dust a being prepared for the joys of immortality ! Glow ye fields, with brighter verdure, reflect, ye hills, a purer light.

“He rises! the new inhabitant of Heaven rises to his native land. Legions of angels wait his arrival at the celestial portals. With what rapture will they welcome their new companion to the seats of bliss! They will crown him with unfading roses. What will be his transport, when he traverses the flowery fields of Heaven! when, under aromatic bowers of eternal verdure, he joins the angelic choir in their song of praise; ascribing glory, honour, power and dominion, to the source of happiness, the sole principle of all good.”

“Already have we celebrated the day when his soul descended from the hands of its Creator, and entered into its body of earth.—Already, O festive day! hast thou been celebrated, and we will still celebrate thee. We saw his young mind improve in every virtue. It hastened to maturity and strength, like the lily in the spring. We have seen, with joy, his aspirations after perfection. Invisible, we have beheld the uniformity of his life, the consistency of his actions.—We have joined in his devout praises, we have sympathized in his tender sorrow. His virtuous tears have given joy to the angels. Virtue was his motive and guide. For ever shall he enjoy the rewards of virtue.”



“He rises! the new inhabitant of Heaven rises to his native land. Receive him, ye sons of light! crown him with celestial roses! Honour him whom the Most High delighteth to honour. Yonder, like a faded flower, lies the dust he has abandoned. Parent Earth, receive it to thy bosom. Again receive the precious dust. Each spring it shall produce odoriferous flowers. Each year we will solemnize the day in which his righteous soul quitted the earth.”

Thus they sung, then borne on their lucid cloud, descended to the earth.

Cain wandered in despair among the bushes. He roved from place to place, but change of situation decreased not the horror that had lodged itself in his convulsed heart. Thus the traveller in vain quickens his pace, in vain exerts his skill and strength to avoid an irritated serpent: thereptile pursues him with his poisonous breath; it encircles his limbs; it fixes its sting. Where shall he fly from torture? already convulsions seize his wounded breast, the mortal poison flows to his heart. So Cain vainly strove to fly his pain. “O that I could no more see the streaming blood! (he cried.) I fly, but the blood follows me still—still it runs to my feet. Where shall I fly?—Where?—Miserable that I am!—His last look!—What have I done? The dreadful deed is the

work of hell—I already feel its tortures! I have with him, murdered his unborn offspring—Ah, what noise is that among the bushes! Why sighs the dead?—Away, haste feet, far away from the pursuing blood—far away from the dreadful sight of death!—Drag me away, ye trembling knees, sprinkled with a brother's blood, to hell.” At these words he walked with fast and unequal steps.

A black cloud alighted at his feet, from the midst of which issued an awful voice, saying, “Cain, where is thy brother?”—“I know not—me miserable!—am I my brother's keeper?” answered he, stammering and retreating back, pale as the lifeless corpse of Abel. Loud thunders now burst from the cloud; the grass and bushes blazed around him, and Michael the arch-angel, stood before him, arrayed in terror. On his majestic brow were imprinted the menaces of the Lord. In his right hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left over the appalled sinner. He spoke, and it again thundered. “Stop trembler! Hear thy sentence. Thus saith the Lord, What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me. Thou art curst on the earth, which hath drank the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand—To thee it shall be forever barren, and thou shalt be a vagabond on its surface.

The terrified sinner was mute and immovable: his head bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground, while his heart was torn with anguish, like that of the impious atheist, when God, terrible in judgment, shakes the earth, and he sees the prophaned temples and the sumptuous palaces of sinners shake to their foundations, and fall into ruins, while his ears are terrified with the groans of the dying, the sobs of grief, and the shrieks of despair. In this convulsion of nature, thick smoke and flames burst from the cleft earth. Wild with horror, he attempts to fly. He staggers on the tremulous ground. He reels. He falls. Equal terror shook the fratricide. He attempted to speak, but only inarticulate stammerings came from his trembling lips, while dread still kept his eyes fixed on the earth. At length he cried, in a voice which spoke his anguish: "My crime is too great—ah much too great, ever to be forgiven! Now, O inexorable God! Thou hast cursed me on the earth, and—Where can I hide myself, from thy presence?—Banished from society—a vagabond—the first who meets me will slay me, and rid the earth of an infamous murderer."

"A vengeance, seven-fold more dreadful than thine, shall fall on him who sheds thy blood. (said the angel, speaking again in



thunder.) Dark disquietude and gnawing remorse are strongly imprinted on thy brow. By these marks shalt thou be known, and all, on seeing thee, shall quit the path made by thy wandering feet, crying, "There goes Cain the murderer." The angel having thus announced the divine anathema, disappeared. Thunder again issued from the rising cloud; a dreadful whirlwind tore up by the roots the trees and bushes, with a noise that resembled the howlings of a malefactor suffering under the agonies of penal torture.

Cain stood motionless. Despair glared in his eyes: yet fierceness was still seen in his bushy brows. The furious winds shook his erect hair. Wild fear, at length, forced from his livid and quivering lips these horrid accents. "Why has he not annihilated me? ---Wherefore not annihilated me? that no traces of me might remain in the creation. Why was I not blasted by his lightnings? Why did not his thunder strike me to the depths of the earth?---But his ire reserves me for perpetual sufferings---torments without end---deserted by my fellow creatures---all nature abhors me---I abhor myself---Already the attendants on guilt haunt me; shame, remorse despair.---Shut out from human society, banished from God, I shall, while on earth, feel the torments of Hell---I feel them now.

Cursed be thou, O arm, which so hastily executed the impulses of passion, mayest thou wither on my body like the blighted limb of a tree! Cursed be the hour when a dream from hell deceived me!--and thou, infernal fiend, who suggested it. Where art thou now? that I may curse thee! Art thou returned to hell! mayest thou there suffer incessantly what I now feel! Nothing worse I can wish thee. This is your triumph, ye spirits of darkness! Gaze on, ye devils, and wonder at my misery!"—Spent with agony, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and remained without strength or voice, motionless as the dead. Then starting, he cried, "Ha! what noise is that? it is the voice of murdered Abel!—he groans—I see his streaming blood! O my brother! my brother! in pity to my inexpressible anguish, cease to haunt me!" He now continued sitting in speechless agony sighs only bursting from his tortured heart.

In the mean time the father of mankind, with his amiable spouse, having left their cottage, came forth to enjoy the fragrance and beauty of the early day. "With what majesty does the sun dart his first rays, (cried Eve,) How they gild the flimsy mist that hovers over yonder field! How charming the appearance of the country! Let us walk on, Adam, amid the dew, till the hour of labour

calls thee to the field, and me to our dwelling. O my beloved! this earth is still lovely! See, Adam, how the creatures rejoice; each bush, each eminence pours forth their melody! The beasts too, how they frisk and bound, and chase each other! with what gaiety and life they welcome the morning rays!"

Adam answered, "Yes, my love, the earth is still beautiful. It still bears visible marks of the presence of God, and of His infinite goodness, which our folly and ingratitude have not yet been able to exhaust. Yes, His mercy, His munificence, exceed the power of words to express, are too great for the rejoiced heart to conceive. Let us hasten, Eve, through those flowery fields, to the smiling pastures where Abel feeds his flock. Perhaps we may find that amiable, that dutiful son chanting his morning hymn, and in devout melody praising his Creator."

"Dear Adam, (returned Eve,) let us first go to the field of Cain, I have in this basket brought a present for my first-born. I have culled out some of the best of my figs, and a few bunches of my finest dried grapes. They will be an agreeable refreshment for him, when at mid-day he retires to the shade, faint and fatigued with labour. Let us go to him first, my spouse; for fain would I erase from his mind, the idea, that he is not be-



loved by us with the same affection that we love his brother."

"How attentive, my dearest, is thy tenderness! (replied Adam,) I will accompany thee with joy to the field of Cain. Let us carry him thy present that he may not say, all our concern and love are lavished on Abel. May the serenity of this delightful morning dispose his heart to the impressions of tenderness!" They now redoubled their pace, and walked towards the open country. "How happy, (said Eve, as she was going on,) how happy should I think myself, if when nature thus smiles, and awakens every sentiment of tenderness and joy, our first-born receives us with affection! If his heart is open to the soft sensations of filial love!"

They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice, "Who lies there?—Adam, who's that lies there?—He lieth not like one asleep—His face is on the ground.—Those golden locks are Abel's—Adam, why do I tremble?—Abel, Abel, awake—awake, my son—turn to me thy face—turn to me thy face. Awake, ah, awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with terror!" They approached nearer. "What do I see! (cried Adam, trembling and retiring back.) Blood! blood trickling

from his temples! His head is covered with blood."—"O Abel! O my son!—my dear son!" cried Eve, lifting up his arm stiffened by death; then sunk pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast. Horror and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, frantic with despair, came without design to the place where lay the dead body of his brother, and seeing near the corpse, his father motionless, and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out, trembling, "He is dead!—I killed him!—Cursed be the hour, O father of men! when thou begattest me! And thou woman! cursed be the instant when thou broughtest me forth.—He is dead!—I killed him!"—repeated he, and fled.

Two lovers united by a sense of their mutual perfections, enjoying sweet converse, sit near each other. A tempest suddenly rises: the subtile lightnings dart—the blue flame quivers over their heads. Each strives to succour each—alas! in vain—embracing still, they living seem, tho' void of life. Thus our first parents sat, pale and silent, without sign of life, except an universal trembling. Adam first recovered from his lethargy of stupid grief. "Where am I?" (he cried in broken accents.) How I tremble!—My God! my God!—Ah there he lies!—wretched father!—What horrors shake my soul!—

How can I support the dreadful thought?---  
His brother killed him!--he has cursed us!  
O Abel! O my son! my veins are chilled:  
my blood runs cold. Ah, miserable parent!  
One son hath cursed thee, the other lays be-  
fore thee imbrued in his own blood. What  
evils, what torments have I brought on my-  
self, and my wretched offspring! Ah fatal sin!  
And thou too, Eve, thou awakest not! How  
my terrors increase! art thou dead too?---Am  
I left alone a prey to anguish?---Yet, O God,  
in the midst of desolation, I adore Thy de-  
crees, I revere thy justice---I am a sinner.---  
An icy coldness insinuates itself into my  
beating heart. My eyes fail. O Death, why de-  
layest thou? O Abel! O my dear son!" He  
then cast a look on the body: the tears flow-  
ed down his venerable face, and with them ran  
the cold sweat. "Thou at last awakest, dear  
Eve (he continued :) but alas! to what inex-  
pressible tortures dost thou awake! Ah what  
distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear com-  
panion of my misery."

"Adam, (replied Eve, in a fearful accent,)  
is the murderer gone! The voice of cursing  
thunders no more—I no longer hear the  
voice of his cursing. Curse me—me alone,  
barbarous fratricide. I was the first sinner.  
O my child!—my child!—O Abel, my dear-  
est son!" She now sunk from the arms of



Adam on the dead. “My son—my son, (she cried, speaking to the insensible clay :) thine eyes are fixed, no more they turn on me.—Awake, awake!—Alas, I call in vain : he is dead !—That is death—the death with which we were threatened when cursed by God after the fall. O insufferable torment ! I was the first sinner ! O my husband !—spouse, beloved and dear ; thy tears rend my heart. It was I that seduced thee. Of me, of me, O weeping father, demand thy son’s blood !—Of me your brother, my wretched children !—me—me curse, murderer of brothers !—but spare your father—I was the first sinner ! O my son ! my son ! thy blood rises against me !—It accuses me ! unhappy parent !” Thus lamented the mother of the human race, while her tears streamed on the congealing blood.

Adam cast on his wife looks full of tenderness and grief : “Dear Eve, (said he) what exquisite pangs thou givest my bursting heart ! Cease, I entreat thee, cease thus to torment me ! I conjure thee, by our miseries, by our tender love, I conjure thee to cease thus reproaching thyself ! We have both sinned ; we are both guilty. The bitter consequences of our crimes are but too sad remembrances of our ingratitude and folly. But the Almighty whom we have offended, the God who chastises us, still regards us with a pity-

ing eye —Yes, my God! we are yet allowed to supplicate thee in our distress. Thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner. We yet live Eve, and our souls are out of the reach of death. It can only strip us of this body, subject to pain and grief. Our immortal souls will, if we are virtuous, triumph over death, and enjoy permanent felicity in the realms of happiness and glory, where we shall behold the light of God's countenance, and incessantly praise him to all eternity. This, my beloved, ought to be our consolation; our great consolation; but—his murderer is his brother. Ah! my first-born killed his brother!"

"Yes, dear son! (cried Eve, her tears still flowing :) death has delivered thee from solitude, pain and grief. Thou art no more exposed to suffer. We should wish to follow thee. Alas! we must still endure tribulations and inquietudes from which thou art now exempt. But can I cease to weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love! O Adam, what a sight of horror is now that precious body! Where are those smiles, the sweet emanations of filial tenderness, that used to be seen on his countenance? How faded, how livid are his bloody cheeks! We shall no more hear from those lips seraphic harmony! no more have our souls

raised to God by his angelic converse!---no more will they express the endearing sensations of his heart!---Those eyes, now fixed in death, with what delight and transport have I seen them shed tears of joy, when I have given him signs of the love---the inexpressible love that warmed my heart, charmed with his spotless virtue! Ah my son! thy weeping mother must forever deplore thy death. O sin, sin, dreadful are thy inroads! what hideous forms dost thou assume! Abel! dear Abel!---I thy mother, thine unhappy mother---exquisite woe!---am also the mother of thy murderer!"---Here her speech again failing, she remained motionless on the cold corpse, void of sensation, when Adam, with a deep sigh, cried, "How am I abandoned! All around me is a gloomy desert. Nature seems to have changed her face. No longer she smiles on me. Alas! he is dead! he who filled my life with soft consolation, sweet pleasure, and gladdening hope, is no more! Dear Abel! Is it true that thou art dead? Is it---can it be true that it was Cain---that horror of nature! who---O God! thou beholdest our extreme desolation. Oh pardon, pardon our lamentations! Forgive us, that we lie mourning in the dust like a worm (and what are we more in thy sight?) pardon us, though we mourn in the dust like the tramp-



led worm, half crushed by the heedless foot of the passenger."

Adam now stood pale and silent as the statue of Grief on a mossy tomb surrounded with funeral cypress. At length he turned to the body of his murdered son, and stooping to Eve, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the corpse, and pressed it with ardour to his breast. "Eve, my dear companion, awake, (said he, hanging over her,) awake, dear spouse, awake. Turn thy looks on me! Cease to wash with thy tears the insensible dust. Sink not thus under the weight of thy grief. Has thy sorrow for thy son stifled all tenderness, all concern for me, thine husband? Turn, dear spouse, turn thy looks on me! It is just that we should feel, keenly feel our loss: that the horrors of death should terrify us. That we should mourn the fatal consequences of our sin; but to be thus overcome by grief:—thus overpowered by dejection, is criminal.---It is as if we reproached Eternal Justice, as punishing with too much severity. O Eve! give not way to this culpable despair, lest devine mercy, irritated by our obstinacy, should deem us unworthy of consolation." Eve immediately turned her face from the body towards Adam, and, raising her humid eyes to Heaven, said, "Forgive, O God! forgive my grief; par-

don my tears! Do you, my dearest spouse, my love, my life, forgive my sorrow! Thy distress is beyond all words! yet thou still lovest me —me who seduced thee to commit the crime we now deplore—Thou hatest me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy sons by the other, is the result of my transgression. Ah, Adam! let me weep in thine arms, let me once more weep on my child's body, and mingle my tears with his blood! She then pressed her face bedewed with tears, on Adam's hand.

Thus grieved and lamented the parents of the human race over the first dead: when Adam, casting his dejected eyes around, beheld at a distance one of the celestial messengers; the fragrant flowers which sprung up at each step, indicated the light vestiges of his feet. His serene brow announced peace: consolation, amity and affection smiled on his lips and cheeks; and the sweetness of his eyes spoke sympathizing complacency. A white vesture brighter than the clouds which surrounded the nocturnal planet, fluttered in waving folds on his beauteous form. The angel advanced towards them, while his presence seemed to enliven with fresher verdure the smiling country: "Eve, (said the father of men,) raise thine eyes, dry thy tears, suppress thy sighs; behold one of the children

of Heaven is coming to comfort us ! See with what graceful benignity he approaches ! Already a ray of divine consolation has darted into my benighted soul. Already my heart has lost part of the oppressive load under which it groaned. I acquiesce, O my God ! in Thine appointments : I adore Thy judgments : with gratitude and love I acknowledge Thy mercies. Weep no more Eve. Rise, let us meet the friendly angel."

Eve, supported by her spouse, arose, and the bright spirit stood before them. He regarded with attention, the first prey of death : but soon turned his eyes on Adam and Eve, whose faces now reflected the luminous brightness of the angel : and in a sweet and harmonious voice, said, "Be blest, O ye who are weeping over the spoils of death in your son ! May he be blest ! The Most High has permitted me to visit you in your affliction. Among the angels who are commissioned to watch over and guard the inhabitants of this earth, none loved Abel more than I. I was constantly near him, when the Orders of the Eternal did not oblige me to be absent. When his exalted soul, inflamed with the love of virtue, vended his rapturous sensations in tears of holy joy, or in devout hymns, which the tutelar spirits disdained not to repeat in their concerts. I inspired



him with such ideas of his future felicity, as it was possible he could be susceptible of while united to his dust. Weep not for him ; mourn not for him ; like the children of despair. He is happy. His immortal soul survives. Let this soften your grief. Death has only detached it from a weak and frail body. Without interruption or incumbrance, he now enjoys whatever can delight a wise and good being. His happiness far exceeds all you can imagine, while you only see through the dark medium of the senses. He is with the angels and arch-angels before the throne of God. Yet weep, my friends, he well deserved your love. Lament your loss ; but let his unspeakable gain soon dry your tears. You are not separated for ever. Soon shall the angel of death visit you also—soon will you be united to your beloved son, to part no more. The pale King of Terrors will assume to each of you, a different form ; but you will receive him as becomes the candidates for future happiness, and welcome him as a friend long expected. Listen, O Adam ! to the order of thy God. Restore this corruptible body to its origin the dust : dig a pit, cover it with earth." Thus spake the angel, while benevolence and pity appeared in every look, and every gesture. Desolation fled. Despair was no more. Thus the pure water

of a limpid spring refreshes the spent traveller, who having long trod the scorching sands of the desert, pants with thirst, and fainting under the sun's too ardent rays, is sinking to the earth: but no sooner has he drank the crystalline draught, than he rests his fatigued limbs in Peace on the brink, and feels a fresh recruit of strength. He rises with new vigour, and following the stream's murmuring course through a fertile country, at length arrives at some hospitable mansion, whose friendly proprietor entertains him with generous munificence under embowering shades.

Adam, whose soul was calmed and revived by noble and elevated sentiments, viewing the dazzling lustre of the angel, as he withdrew, said, "Accept of our grateful thanks, celestial friend! Praised, praised forever be Thy name, O God Most High! Thy loving kindness, Thy tender mercies are not withdrawn from the sinner. Thou with compassion dost behold our distress: Thou commandest thine angels to enlighten our souls, and bring us comfort. No longer will we mourn in the dust—no longer will we despair, like the spirits of darkness, who are banished from Thine all enlivening presence. We are still surrounded by Thy bounties, still permitted to praise Thee, to supplicate Thy favour, to adore Thy wisdom, to cele-

brate Thy goodness. Thus ennobled, shall we repine and murmur at Thy dispensations, if the thorns and briars of affliction are scattered in the way of our pilgrimage, to the bosom of our Father, the dwelling of our God? We cannot, indeed, entirely restrain our tears for the happy deceased: we must regret his being thus suddenly snatched from our embraces: but alas! the unhappy criminal ought rather to be the object of our grief, the subject of our most earnest prayers. O God! what an alleviation would it be to our sorrows, if we dared to hope that Thy mercy had not cast him off for ever. O my Maker! he unhappy—he miserable, is the first fruit of my loins,—the first whom Eve brought forth with pain. Let us not cease, my dearest spouse, to implore the tender mercies of our God for him. We will not doubt his loving kindness: we ourselves were sinners: we were unworthy of his infinite grace: yet he has encouraged us to confide in his promises. When all trembling we expected eternal chastisement, little did we hope for mercy. But let us not defer to execute the commands of the Lord. I will carry this dear body to our dwelling, and there commit the precious dust to the earth.”

“O Adam! O my love! returned Eve, my soul emerges from overwhelming sorrow;



conscious of my own weakness, I support myself by thy strength as the flexible ivy clings to the firm oak."

Adam, now by the assistance of his weeping spouse, lifted the corpse on his shoulders, and sighing under the sad burthen, slowly moved towards his dwelling, while Eve walked weeping by his side.

THE

## DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK V.

NOW Thirza, whose sleep had been disturbed by terrifying visions, opened her eyes to the bright luminary of day, and precipitately quitted her bed. So leaps up the affrighted traveller, who, when spent with fatigue, had laid himself down under the shelter of a rock, when a terrifying dream, suggested by his guardian angel, represents to him the rock falling over his head: trembling he hastens from the dangerous spot; an instant after the huge mass falls with hideous noise. He seeks the companion of his toilsome journey: but alas! he is crushed under the ruins. Not less agitated was the wife of Abel. "What frightful images, (said she,) have passed before me, while I slept! They resemble nothing in nature. Welcome cheerful light, thou hast scattered them. Hail, ye glowing flowers, sweet objects of my attentive care, your various odours, which the morning sun draws forth, will refresh my fatigued brain: and, ye joy-

ous inhabitants of the air, your soft melody will re-establish serenity in my soul. I will join your morning song. I will join with re-animated nature in praises to the Most High, Creator Almighty! Saviour Propitious! my soul, overpowered by Thy goodness, can but imperfectly express the immensity of Thy benefits, and the extent of its gratitude: Thy ever-waking Providence guards Thy creatures, when covered by the veil of night, sleep weighs down their eye-lids. May my grateful thanks arise to Thee, O God! Accept from a feeble worm the tribute of praise."

She now left her dwelling, and walked among the opening flowers, whose first sweets were diffused by the morning breeze. "My heart still throbs, (said she,) still anxiety is lodged in my breast. What mean these unusual fears? an interior trembling seems to shake my very soul. My mind is darkened like the heavens, when black clouds spread through the expanse. Where art thou, Abel? Where art thou, my beloved? Dearest half of myself! I haste, pursued by gloomy terrors, to lose them in thine arms. I fly to thee with the speed thou wouldst fly if benighted in a dark forest, thy feet were winged with fear."

Having thus spoke, she redoubled her pace, when Mahala, seeing her, ran from



her cottage to meet her. "I salute thee, my dear sister, (she cried;) Whither art thou going in such haste, with thine hair disordered, without ornament, not so much as one flower?" "I go, (replied Thirza,) to throw myself in the arms of my beloved. Unusual terrors have this night disturbed my sleep, and my labouring heart is still oppressed by sad apprehensions, which the serenity of this delightful morning is not able to disperse. But though the blooming day, though the smiles of Nature cannot dispel my fears, I shall lose them in the gladdening presence of my husband! I therefore run to cast myself in his arms."

The spouse of Cain replied, with a sigh, "Happy, happy sister! alas! I have no such sweet resource, I should be lost to all consolation, were it not for a father who loves me, and a tender mother to whom I am dear; were it not for thee, my kind sister, and thine amiable husband. Yes, with you I lose part of the load of woe that Cain's discontentment heaps on my wretched head. To him, unhappy! all the beauties of nature are only sources of melancholy, and he continually regrets the labour which his fertile fields so abundantly repay. But, my dearest Thirza, above all I lament his unkind and causeless dislike to our gentle brother."

Mahala now melted into tears. Thirza wept also, and tenderly embracing her, replied, "Penetrated by the same idea, Abel and I spent many anxious hours in bewailing his inveterate hatred. Our resource is in the hand of Heaven. Often in sleepless night we send our most fervent petitions to God, that a beam of His grace may disperse the dark clouds from his breast; that every baneful weed may be rooted out from his heart, lest they choak all principles of humanity and virtue. Ah my sister! was thy husband kind and gentle, again would peace smile—again would pleasure bless our dwellings, and we should no longer with pain behold the brow of our venerable father wrinkled by care, nor the eyes of our fond mother swelled with weeping."

Mahala still in tears, answered, "This, this, also is the subject of my incessant prayer. When the earth is covered with darkness, while all nature is hushed, I bewail in silence the harsh obduracy of my spouse, and pray to the Lord to soften his heart. Sometimes the agony of my soul bursts forth in spite of myself, in sobs and groans. Then he awakes, and in a terryfying voice accuses me of depriving him of sleep, and the only good he enjoys on this wretched earth, so severely cursed by the Almighty Avenger of

sin. My dearest sister ! this too is the employment of my mind, while my hands are busied in domestic labour. My innocent children, playing round me, observe my tears, and demand with infantine caresses, why I weep ? Ah Thirza ! Thirza ! I am faded by grief, like a young flower, when the thick branches of some neighbouring tree intercept from it the sun's all-cheering rays. My unhappy husband, this very day, left our dwelling before the dawn. His looks were terrible. Never did I see so dark a gloom on his countenance. Anger flashed from his eyes : his brows were knit by rage. Frozen with horror, I heard him as he went forth curse the hour of his birth. This, my sister, was his salute to so fine a morning. 'Tis true, I have not lost all hope ; for sometimes (and thou thyself hast observed it) his virtue breaks through the gloom, and his mind is open to the soft sensations of social love. Then he acknowledges that he has injured us, asks forgiveness, and seeks reconciliation. But alas ! too soon the light withdraws : as in the tempestuous days of winter the sun darts a cheering ray, and is instantly hid from our eyes by the closing clouds. Let us hope Thirza, that as mild spring restores light and joy to all nature, so the heart of my unhappy husband may be restored to light and



peace. For this we will incessantly petition Heaven. I have always nourished this hope in the bottom of my heart."

Thus spake Mahala, when Thirza, pale and trembling, cried, "What mournful sound is that?—it comes from yonder trees—is it not the cry of pain—from yonder trees—O my sister!—Mahala!—alas! it comes nearer—O my God!"—Thirza was now sinking to the ground, but her alarmed sister supported her in her arms.

Adam, with tottering steps was coming from behind the trees, bending under the sad load of his son's lifeless body. Eve walked by his side: sometimes she turned her face, faded by grief, towards the bloody corpse: then hid it under her hair, drooping with her tears.

Thirza continued pale and motionless, in the trembling arms of Mahala, who was herself ready to sink under the weight of her she endeavoured to sustain. Thus three amiable virgins, (but none ever felt such fond affection) in a summer's eve, walk hand in hand over the variegated fields. Sudden the thunder roars, the rapid lightning tears the earth under their feet: terrified they fall; but soon recovering from their surprize, two of them rise, the third a cinder. The survivors are

struck with new horror, more dreadful than that caused by the thunder.

This was the situation of the two daughters of Adam, when a little recovering, they beheld the corpse of him they loved. The afflicted father had laid it on the grass, and was supporting in his arms his fainting wife, who, weakened by grief, was near falling to the earth. "Where am I? (cried Thirza,) O my God! where am I?—How he lies!—Abel!—Why did I awake? Hateful light!—Ah unhappy that I am—Mahala?—Ah me miserable!—See, see, my sister, he lies dead!—Sight horrible!—Light hateful!—Why did I awake?"

"Thirza, (cried Mahala, in a tremulous voice,) let us not give way to vain terrors---to me---to me also the idea is dreadful as the forked lightning---Ah! she again faints---awake Thirza---awake---Let us go to him. He is not dead: Thy voice, thine embraces will rouse him from sleep."

After these words, the two sisters, leaning on each other, dragged their enfeebled limbs towards the body. "Oh! my father, O my mother! how they weep!—What dreadful terrors seize me! (cried Thirza, as she approached near the corpse.) Abel!—Abel!—my beloved!—my joy!—my life!—my husband!—awake. Ah unutterable woe!

he awakes not!—Abel! hear my plaintive cries, the groans of thy distressed wife!”--- She then cast herself on the body, to embrace it with extended arms; but at the sight of the blood, and fatal wound, she, giving a terrifying shriek, fell on the earth, without voice, motion, or sign of life; pale and cold as him she mourned. Despair was seen in her open and fixed eyes. Near her sat on the earth Mahala, dissolved in tears: wringing her hands, she sometimes raised her weeping eyes to Heaven, sometimes she fixed them with eager attention on the bloody corpse.

Adam, whose deep grief was augmented by the sorrow of his daughters, essayed to console them. “O my dear children! O Thirza! O Mahala! (said he,) would to God that my anguish could keep from pain the hearts of those I love; but my beloved, hear me; listen to the soft sound of consolation. While Eve and I were weeping over this dear body, an angel, replete in beauty, came to us. He was commissioned from the Most High to soothe our sorrows. ‘Weep not, (said he,) be comforted. He whom you lament still exists. He has only left this frail covering of dust. Disengaged from a mortal body, his soul is more happy than ye can conceive, while your souls are en-

O



veloped in their earthly covering. Ye are not separated for ever: in a little time ye shall be re-united, ye shall enjoy him with torrents of delight, of which your gross senses can give you no idea.' Let us not, Thirza—let us not, Mahala, prophane the funeral of the happy by our inconsolable lamentations.—Let us not offend the Almighty by our despair." Thirza still remained without sense or motion, while the wife of Cain, elevating her joined hands over her head, thus expressed her grief, "O my father! why do you blame our tears! Can we forbear to weep? Can we forbear to lament, while he lies before our eyes extended, cold and dead! O thou, our consolation! our joy! O Abel! thou art lost to us, and our sweetest employment will be to weep for thee till the hour of death. Yes, thou art in the possession of never-ending happiness and glory! thou enjoyest that beatitude after which thy holy soul so ardently panted: thou wilt for ever join with the angels in their song of praise to the Most High. We too hope to partake of thy felicity, when our All-merciful God shall call us from our sad exile, this house of sorrow, rendered more desolate by thy loss. Ah, Abel! ah my brother! thou art lost to us, and our sweetest employment will be to weep for thee till the wished-for

hour of death. Where wert thou, Cain, my spouse? where wert thou, when my brother died? Hadst thou even then given him the fraternal embrace, and sought his forgiveness, with what affection would he have cast his weak arms around thee! though expiring, he would have blest thee, and implored for thee the Divine consolations with his dying lips. What a sweet relief would this remembrance have been to thy sorrows! How would it have softened the griefs of thy future days! But O my mother!—what new woe makes thine eyes stream!—O my father! speak—speak, I conjure thee—Why this horror on thy countenance?—No answer!—O my tortured heart!—Where—say where, O my father!—say, O my mother! where is Cain, my husband?”

Eve replied, “O my child! who knows where, pursued by Divine vengeance—Ah my God!—the unhappy—but what do I say?—I tremble to speak it—he—he—ah me, unhappy mother! Horrid—detestable ideas, tear not thus my wretched bosom! Ah miserable parent that I am! why—he,”—“Ah my mother! (interrupted Mahala,) spare me not—spare me not, I conjure thee, O my mother! On me—on me let the tempest fall—I am already crushed; already torn by frightful apprehensions.” “Cain—O

Heavens! Cain has—Killed him! (cried Eve.) Ah Mahala! Ah Thirza! Cain killed him!” Her excessive grief then took from her the power of speech.

Mahala was struck mute with terror. Her immoveable eyes shed no tears. The cold sweat trickled down her pale face, and her trembling lips were discoloured---At length she cried out in agony, “He kill Abel!---Cain my husband, kill his brother!---Where art thou fratricide? where? Where, oh where has thy guilt pursued thee? Has the thunder of God avenged thy brother?---Dost thou cease to exist?---Where art thou most miserable? To what country of despair art thou fled, followed by the curse of God?” Thus raved Mahala, tearing her hair.

“Barbarous fratricide! vile murderer! (exclaimed Thirza:) how couldst thou kill so kind a brother; Who, doubtless, when expiring under the mortal blow given by thy cruel hand, regarded thee with eyes full of love?---Ah Cain,---curst be”---“O my sister! O Thirza! (cried Mahala, interrupting her,) curse him not, he is thy brother!---he is my husband! Rather let us implore for him the mercies of God. I am sure, when falling in his blood, the holy victim of his fury cast on him an eye of compassion, and I doubt not but he now intercedes for him before the eternal throne. Let our prayers ascend from the



dust, and join those of the happy. O curse him not, Thirza---curse not thy brother."

"Whither doth the excess of my grief transport me? (answered Thirza.) I did not curse him, my sister. I have not cursed the unhappy." Then reclining on the corpse, she kissed the blood-besprinkled cheeks, the cold and livid lips. She remained long silent, indulging fruitless sorrow, At length she cried with a faint and interrupted voice, "Would to God, my beloved, I had, at thy death, kissed thy quivering lips; heard the last expressions of thy love:---seen thy last tender look, and received thy last embrace! ---Oh that I had then expired within thine arms!---but alas! I am left a prey to unutterable sorrow. Every object that used to inspire delight, will now increase my woes. Ye shady bowers, ye now are desolate, ye can now only inspire me with terror; I shall think you ask for him, who, in your sweet retreats, was wont to embrace me in tender rapture. The murmuring fountains will enquire, what is become of my beloved; left forlorn, I can taste no more joy. The shades, the streams, the hills, the plains alike to me are hateful. Alas! no more I see with fond delight, him that made all lovely. I shall, indeed, still behold him: but oh distressing object! I shall behold these

wan cheeks, these fixed and sightless eyes, this clotted blood, this dreadful wound. Flow, flow my tears, for ever flow on this pale face. What dignity once appeared on this faded countenance! the charms of soft persuasion dwelt on these cold and stiffened lips--Every beauty, every grace shone in his lovely form: but his soul, too pure, too holy to converse with mortals, to converse with me, is fled for ever! Stream my eyes, stream without ceasing, on this withered corpse, till my longing soul leaves its dust with his."

Thus lamented Thirza, while her tears ran on the senseless body. Eve's grief was increased by the sorrows of her daughters. "My dearest children, (she cried,) cease, I intreat you, cease thus to tear my heart! Your tears, your sighs and groans augment my miseries! they are to me the most cutting reproaches. 'Tis I, 'tis I that have filled the souls of those I love with anguish! My folly, my guilt has undone us all! I, alas! introduced sin and death! Forgive me, O my children! forgive your afflicted mother! I conjure you by the pangs I suffered to bring you into the world, to forgive me! Cease to tear my heart by your immoderate sorrow." Mahala and Thirza ran to her; they embraced her knees, and with looks of duteous affection, said, "O our mother!

our dearest mother ! who broughtest us forth with pain, whose kind care guarded us in helpless infancy ! aggravate not our distress, by thy despair. We meant not by our complaints to reproach thee, our dear, our tender mother. We love, we reverence, we honor thee, but we cannot command our grief : it will burst from our bosoms and eyes in sighs and tears. How can we restrain these expressions of a love the most tender ! they are the voice of nature."

They still clasped their mother's knees, while their weeping eyes were tenderly fixed on her's, when Adam said, "O my beloved ! let us no longer defer restoring this precious dust to the earth, as the Lord our God hath commanded. The lenient hand of Time will abate our grief and dry our tears. Victorious Reason will teach us to conquer this unavailing Sorrow. We shall long, ardently long to partake of his happiness, as the bride wishes for the day that is to unite her to her beloved." "Yes, commit this dear body to its parent earth, (replied Thirza,) turning her pale and faded face to Adam ! but suffer me, O my father ! to weep a little longer ere it is hid for ever, on the dear, the precious dust ! suffer me once more to press the cold clay to my breast." At these words she threw herself with extended arms on the corpse.



Adam now began to dig a pit in the earth. while Eve and Mahala stood weeping near him. When the golden haired Eliel, and little Josiah, Cain's two infant sons, approached hand in hand to the spot where lay the body. "Brother Josiah, (said Eliel,) who's that sobs so loud? Let's go nearer, brother. Ah that's Abel!--'tis Abel, our uncle!--How pale he is!--His hair is all bloody!--He lies like a lamb going to be burnt on the altar."---"My dear Eliel, (replied Josiah,) see how Thirza weeps for him!--He don't mind her tears!--He don't look at her!--I tremble---I am frightened---Let us run to our mother.---See, see, she, she weeps too!" They now hastened to Mahala, on the other side of the grave, and clinging about her, said, "O mother! why do you weep? Why does Abel lie there! Why is he all bloody, like a lamb for the sacrifice?" Mahala tenderly embraced the infants, while her tears ran on their little heads; and said, "My dear children! death has taken his soul from the body. It is caried up to Heaven, to dwell there with God and his angels, where it will be forever happy." "Then he will wake no more! (replied Eliel, bursting into tears :) He will never awake!---never! He that loved us so dearly, and used to set us on his knee, and tell Josiah and me such fine

stories about God, the angels, and the wonders of nature. Ah brother!--ah Josiah! we shall never more hear Abel sing hymns! He will talk to us no more!--He will never, never awake! How our father will weep for him, when he comes from the field! How pale! how frightful!" The terrified children now hid their faces in the folds of their mother's vestment.

Adam having finished digging the grave, "Wake thou, (said he to Thirza :) wake my beloved. Let us obey the Divine command, and return the dust to its mother Earth. Wake my Thirza," he continued, and tenderly took her hand to raise her from the corpse. She had been in a kind of trance on the body of her husband, and now waked from the holy vision. "Yes, I have seen him!--I have seen him! (she cried as she arose.) He came to me shining in celestial lustre, "Weep not, (he said,) weep not, my dearest Thirza, I am happy. Soon shalt thou partake my bliss, in the abodes of felicity and glory, where there is no death to separate us." At these words he disappeared, having cast on me a divine smile; and an heavenly light marked the traces of his feet." Thus she spoke, and consolation sublime illumined her vissage. "Inter, O my father! inter, (said she,) this covering of

dust." And immediately went to her mother and sister. They all three hid their faces under their dishevelled tresses, while Adam wrapt in skins the body of his son. He laid it in the pit, and covered it with earth, and then said, "Let us, my dear wife! let us, my beloved children! adore the Most High, before this grave of the first dead." They now all prostrated themselves before the grave, little Eliel and his brother kneeling on each side of their mother, and the father of men, pronounced in a loud voice, this prayer, with his arms devoutly folded on his breast.

"O thou who dwellest in the highest Heaven, God! Creator! Justice Eternal! Goodness Infinite! behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son. We sinners kneel before thee in the dust. O may our prayer ascend Thy celestial throne! Look with an eye of compassion on us, O God! in this valley of death, this abode of sin. Our iniquities are great, but Thine infinite goodness is still greater. We are polluted in Thy sight: Thou beholdest our impurities, yet Thou hast not turned thy face from us: Thou still vouchsafest to look on us in our misery, with a propitious eye. Thou permittest us to implore Thee. Thou hast not abandoned the sinner. Eternal praise rise to Thee! Thy



works, O God, render Thee praises! The beauties of the spring, the serenity of the heavens shew forth Thy beneficence: the loud voice of Thy thunder, the rattling hail, the howling storm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee, Thy justice is also glorified by the tears of sorrow. We have beheld the son of sin, frightful Death. He is come to our dwelling, in a form most hideous. Guilt led him by the hand, the earth groaned, and black tempests gathered round the direful pair. The first fruit of my loins—ah! I tremble—my first-born has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood! O God Merciful and Gracious! though I presume to supplicate Thee for him, turn not Thy face from me. O God of Clemency! cast him not off for ever. When he mourns in the dust for his offences, when he trembles at his crime, when overwhelmed by torturing remorse, he weeps, he groans, and prostrates himself with deep contrition before Thee, O my God! look with a pitying eye on his misery; commiserate his despair, and assuage his anguish by Thy divine consolations. O my Maker, cast him not off for ever. Reject not, O God! reject not the presumptuous petition? May our prayers, our cries ascend to Thy sublime throne, from this grave of the first dead. We have, according

to Thy command, restored the perishing dust to the earth. Hear us, Lord!—Lord, hear us! while we cry unto Thee in behalf of our first-born. Let him not perish in Thy wrath: for this grace, O God! we will supplicate Thee at the rising and setting sun: in the silent hours of night, when all Nature is hushed to rest, we will implore Thee for him. O God of Consolation, cast him not off for ever! Eternal praises be rendered to Thee, who hast received the soul of the happy deceased into the regions of never-ending felicity. Death has seized his first victim. We shall follow one after another to the dark and silent grave; but adored be Thy loving-kindness, adored be Thy tender mercies, we shall likewise follow him to the realms of immortality and bliss. O Thou who createst the heavens, at whose word this world arose from nothing! they shall perish, the heavens and the earth shall pass away; but Thou art eternal. We dwell in bodies of dust. This dust shall be dissolved; but thou art unchangeable, and will raise to glory the sinner who deplores his crimes, and the righteous man who mourns that his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and his highest attainments sullied by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them together out of the dust, to bestow on them eternal joys, angelic purity; for—O

promise ineffable! The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head. Leap for joy, O earth! chant forth the praises of the Most High, all nature. We will glorify His name, in the midst of calamity. Man is fallen: he is degraded from his original dignity: but glory be to God, He hath not cast him off.—He hath not rejected him forever: His mercy beholds the work of his hands from the seat of judgment: He fell, whom God created upright, yet when, after his fatal transgression, the sinner full of anguish stood trembling in fearful expectation of an eternal curse, and what less could he expect? Then (let men and angels celebrate the glorious mystery) then the Almighty pronounced, that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Mystery sublime! mystery profound! wrapt in an holy obscurity, which no finite being can penetrate: but full of divine consolations. The sinner is reconciled to God; the offender is restored to peace and hope. Shall man then lament in the dust? shall he groan in despair, if the dream of life be alternately filled with joy and sorrow? Death approaches, it shall break the shackles of the soul, and free it from the consequences of a just malediction. Then those, who, while clothed in dust, forgot not their original purity, who loved virtue,



who loved God, who kindled in their hearts the seraphic flame, shall be assembled together in the mansions on high, to enjoy their incessant eternal felicity.—I see them! the holy assembly are present to my view, numerous beyond computing, pure as the flame which descends on the sacred altar! They stand surrounded by angels before the throne. They behold the face of God: they delight in his goodness. Beatific vision! transporting prospect! How is my soul raised! how is my heart expanded! raptures before unknown! O goodness infinite! Grace inexpressible! Lost in thine immensity, the first archangel can but imperfectly express his sensations!—man can only feel them.”

Adam ceased to speak; but continued in silent ecstasy, prostrate on the earth, his wife and daughters still kneeling by his side. Nature herself observed the same silence; all was serene; not a cloud passed over them through the lucid sky.

Now came on “mild evening clad in sober grey,” while every breeze was hushed. During this perfect calm, Cain, pursued by guilt, was agitated with fear, horror, remorse, and sad dismay. He roved from place to place, he wandered in the deserts, till spent with fatigue, he sat down facing the rising moon, and thus the voice of his despair dis-

turbed the peaceful silence that reigned over all nature. "There beyond that dark hill the moon begins her course, spreading around a faint light. All under the starry expanse imbibe new life from invigorating sleep; man only wakes. My accursed hand has driven from his dwelling, peace and rest. The voice of grief and lamentation ascend from the cottages. 'Tis I—'tis I, miserable, that have brought affliction to their abodes. The cries, the groans of my bewailing parents rise to Heaven, as so many accusations against me. This day—this accursed day, hear it, O Moon! turn pale and hide thy beams: hear it, ye Stars! and set in darkness: this day the earth has drank the blood of the first slain, shed by my unnatural hand.—Henceforth withhold from me your precious influences, bright luminaries! Cursed on the ground I tread, banished from the cheerful face of man, hide me—hide me, in gloomy darkness. I have shed my brother's blood! I have torn the heart of him that begat me: I have filled with despair the breast of her who brought me forth and nourished my infancy. Hide me from the eyes of Nature, I have trampled on her dictates. I will fly—fly with my misery! sad companion! to some desert region, where no human foot has marked the faded grass. I will dwell among

rocks and precipices, where putrid water trickles in tears from the steeps into the swampy abodes of loathsome reptiles : where birds of prey build their nests ; where savage beasts devour their bloody carnage, alas ! even these will abhor me, they kill no brothers ! shade me, darkness, from the cheering sky ; shade me, some horrid gloom, from the sight of every creature, there let me lament my cruelty : there howl out my despair. When sleep overcomes me, terrors will present themselves to my imagination : I shall behold my murdered brother : I shall see his wounded head !—his clotted blood !”

Thus Cain bewailed his wretchedness. He ceased, and sat abandoned to mute grief. No bird of night disturbed the awful stillness ; frightened by sounds of human woe, they had fled in silence ; a gentle murmur only floated through the air. Again he vents his sorrows, and casting his melancholy eyes around, he cries, “ Pity me, ye woods ! Weep for me, ye fields ! no words can describe my misery, and pity is due to misery. O Nature, arrayed in beauty ! grieve for me—for me ; lost to beauty, and to happiness. Mourn for me, each creature ; ye taste, ye feel the efficacious presence of a gracious God, to me no longer gracious ! I feel his wrath, I tremble at his power. He is to me only God the Avenger, the just Aven-



ger of my brother's blood ; For ever will it cry against me : my punishment is endless."

He was now silent for some moments, then with a deep sigh, he said, " I weep ! Can such a wretch as I shed tears ? Welcome, precious drops, ye attest to me, that my miseries are softened. The despair which had seized my soul, is changed to plaintive grief—to weeping sorrow. Ah, flow my tears ! receive them, O earth ! I am cursed on thy surface, thou hast drank my brother's blood, yet oh, receive these tears that shew my unspakable distress !—What new emotions ?—How is my heart softned ! my tears flow faster—Yes, I will—Yes, while darkness hides me from every eye, I will away to the dwellings of my afflicted parents, to poor Thirza, I will go to all, and once more see them—once more bless them. Bless them ! the angry winds would disperse the salutations, as they came from my polluted lips. Ah fratricide, canst thou pronounce a blessing, thyself accursed ! I will however go and strive to bless them in their grief, I will weep before them, and in the dust deplore my guilt, and then—yes, then, I'll fly forever from their reproaching eyes.—Fly from thee Mahala ! I fly forever from my children." Here his agony stifled his words, and he moved towards the cottages, watering with his tears the solitary way.

He was now passing a little grove, planted by the hand of Abel near the spring. Cain then remembered that his brother, when he had completed this work, had said with fond affection "Flourish ye trees ! spread wide your branches, may ye forever bloom ! that under your refreshing shade our descendants may in affectionate converse relate to their offspring, what they will learn from us, saying, ' Here Eve brought forth her first-born. Here she soothed with her caresses his infant cries, him the first solace in her sad exile. Here she viewed him with inexpressible rapture. She called him Cain, saying, " From the hand of the Lord have I received thee." ' The murderer passed by this monument of his brother's tenderness with quickened step : a remorseful sweat covered his averted face : his trembling knees could scarce sustain his weight. Thus at the sight of his father's grave, trembles the parricide, who with murderous dissimulation had invited the good old man, returning from the fields, to refresh himself with impoisoned viands. When he passes the tomb, the rustling of the trees which surround it, the odours of the garlands, with which his duteous sisters have crowned the urn, raise a storm in his guilty heart.

Now Cain had passed the terrifying grove, and drew near the cottages. The pale moon

shed on them a feeble light through the trees, and melancholy silence reigned around. He cast on the dwelling his weeping eyes; he raised his hands to Heaven; he wrung them in speechless agony. Conscious guilt tore his now softened heart. Trembling he stood amidst the dreary stillness. At length he uttered in a low voice this impassioned soliloquy. "How quiet deep affliction rests here!—Ah that murmur!—are they not sighs?—They came from the cottages—from the dwellings come those piercing ejaculations of sleepless grief! Here, here, ye once cheerful mansions—here, trembling in darkness, stands the wretch who has made you the abodes of sorrow—Here, pursued by infernal horrors, shudders in obscurity, he who has chaced from the habitations of those who gave him life, peace, joy, and every domestic sweet. Dare I breathe the air through which ascend the sighs of my mourning parents, my terrified wife, my widowed sister! Dare I appear on a spot consecrated to just grief!—grief for my crime!—Be gone, pollute not the residence of virtue—Yes, I go—I go far from you—But let my eyes, haggared with despair, yet a little longer behold your dwellings. In pity to my unspeakable anguish, allow me to weep here yet a little longer. Suffer me to raise to Heaven my blood-



dy hands for your happiness. Then I go—Hail, hail ye—Ah, wretch! wilt thou prophane their sacred names? Wilt thou polute, with thy infected breath, titles that express the softest ties, the most exalted sensations of the human heart? Oh, that with the gloom of night, your distress, your terrors might leave you to dwell in my wretched bosom, fit companions in my wanderings on an earth, whose curse I have increased. Oh that I alone could endure the punishment due to my crime! May your memories never be disturbed by my horrid image! Oh that I myself could lose all remembrance of myself! Dreadful wish of extreme desolation.”

Cain having thus spoke, remained still near the cottages. He groaned, he raised his eyes to Heaven; when he heard the footsteps of one advancing slowly through the gloom. A cold shivering, like the agonies of death, seized his limbs. He strove to fly; but in vain he strove: he sunk down, trembling, without strength among the bushes.

Thirza, this first night of her sad widowhood, unable to sleep, had quitted her lonely bed. She left her cottage, and went to the grave of her husband, where seating herself on the damp grass, she wept among the clods. She viewed with fixed eyes the starry firmament, then turning to the grave, said,

“Here lies all that made life desirable: all my repose, all my joy lies under this earth, which now imbibes my tears. Sleep has forsaken my wearied eye-lids: no rest remains for me. Flow on, flow my tears, ye are my sole consolation: my melancholy hours shall be spent in bewailing thy loss, my dearest husband!—shall be spent near thy precious remains in gloomy sadness! ’Tis true, I have seen thee—I have seen my beloved, arrayed in heavenly glory: but ah! I am deprived of his sweet society, of his tenderness, his endearing care through the remainder of a life of calamity and wretchedness. In vain I tried to rest on the conjugal couch: my spirits forsook me. I almost fainted, while the sweet pledge of our love lay by me, locked in the arms of sleep. The little innocent smiled in his guiltless slumbers. Alas, he knows not yet the woes of mortals—he knows not his own irreparable loss! Ah my infant! I deplore thy misfortunes, for ever deprived of a tender father, an instructor of thy childhood, a guide to thy youth, and the friend of thy riper years. Thy wretched mother, a prey to keen distress, torn by heart-piercing anguish, will want the strength—will want the wisdom to supply thy loss. O my child, how are we bereaved! How is every comfort ravished from us.—Horrid reflection!

Ravished from us by the hand of a brother ! Where is he ? Where is the miserable ?—Where has his remorse—where has his despair driven him ? O Thou infinite Clemency ! God propitious ! despise not my supplications, turn not from my prayer, while with unwearied fervour I entreat Thee for him. Hear him, O God of Grace and Consolation, when he cries to Thee from the dust—when in deep penitence and sincere contrition of heart, he bewails his crime, and implores Thy mercy.”

Her agony of soul now stopped her voice : but soon she cried, as she raised her weeping eyes to Heaven, “Bright star of night, often hast thou been witness of our chaste endearments, when thy soft light illumined our path. Often hast thou been witness to his sublime converse, when he described the charms of virtue ; the delights of an approving conscience. Thou now canst only shed thy beams on his silent grave. Buried in this dust lies every human excellence : the consolation, the hope, the joy of his weeping parents. Here sleeps to wake no more, my love, my life, my husband !” She now continued long silent, abandoned to speechless grief. At length surveying the objects around her, she fixed her melancholy eyes on the fragrant inclosure, where she and her dear companion



used to pass their most delightful hours. "Ah lovely bower! (she cried.) thou now art solitary. In vain the pale moon pierces thy aromatic shades. There, dear departed Abel! the ruddy evening saw thee pour forth thy soul in holy rapture. The remembrance of thy intense devotion, thy fervent piety, thy humble love, has lighted up in my heart a sacred fervor. I will rise above this grief.—The darkness of my soul is dispelled by the dear remembrance, as the rising moon chases from the horizon the gloom of night. O my beloved! in yonder sweet retreat, how has devotion animated thine eyes! How wert thou raised above mortality, when thou in the joyful exultation of thine heart saidst, "What an happiness, is it, my dearest Thirza, to be virtuous! What a privilege to be permitted to supplicate, to love him from whom all these beauties are but emanations! What unspeakable felicity, to be conscious that the angels who surround us approve our actions? What, my beloved wife, (he added, taking my hand :) What delight is there in this beautiful creation, than can be compared to the constant assurance of the Divine presence!—to the consciousness of virtue? To him who departeth not from his integrity, who panteth after perfection, death itself has lost many of its terrors. We know—let the

sinner exult in the inexpressible mercy—we know that it will only separate the body from the immortal soul, which, when escaped from its prison of earth, will wing its way to mansions of eternal joy. O my Thirza, continued the dear departed saint, if I quit my dust before thee—before thee remove to bliss, short and moderate be thy grief :—weep not long over my perishing clay. What are the days of this short life compared with eternity? We shall meet again in the realms of purity and joy, to part no more.” Dearest Abel! (I replied, while my tears flowed,) neither if I first leave my dust, do thou give way to fruitless sorrow : shed not many tears over my senseless corpse. We shall, my love, be re-united : we shall together enjoy everlasting happiness : we shall meet—O ecstasy! never! never to part more.—O my soul! sink not under thy grief. Sublime are the consolations offered thee. Remember thy dignity—reflect on thine immortality—look beyond the present calamity—rejoice in the salvation that awaits thee. Didst thou perish with the frail body, where would be my hope?—What could assuage my sorrow?—Well might I lament over this grave!—Well might I pray that an end were put to my wretched being! but—I shall live forever! I will rise above this dispiriting grief.

Yes, my dearest husband! if thy ennobled soul, if thy angelic mind still retains any love, any concern for my happiness, thou wilt be pleased to know that thy precepts, thine example has inspired me with fortitude, has taught me to bear up under the unavoidable afflictions of mortality. Dear angel! if thou still hoverest over me, thou shalt be witness to my endeavours to repel this fruitless grief—but my tears still flow—I cannot yet command my sorrow. I must a little longer weep on this precious dust. I will erect around thy grave an arbour of cypress: under the melancholy shade I will mourn my loss: but under it too will I contemplate, in holy transport, on the happy moment, when I shall meet my beloved; when, like him, I shall be free from all impurity, all sorrow, all sin, and eternally out of the reach of death. This ravishing prospect will—it does abate my anguish.” She now arose from the grave, but instantly cried, sinking again on her knees, “O horrid reflection, our brother murdered him! O God of Goodness! hear my supplications: shew favour to the unhappy sinner; hear him when he cries to Thee! destroy him not, O God! in Thy wrath. Save him, O gracious God! save him from eternal perdition. My petitions for his final happiness shall ascend to Thee in



the early dawn. I will pray for him without ceasing : he is still my brother."

Cain, the prey of wild despair, lay trembling among the bushes. "Fly, (he cried to himself,) fly these holy dwellings, odious monster!--Ah! I cannot fly—I am surrounded by infernal horrors—Leave me, furies, leave me—Carry me, trembling feet, from this seat of virtue. I prophane the sacred place. Alas! I cannot fly, my strength fails. A cold shivering has seized my limbs—Oh that these were the last tremblings of nature! Unhappy that I am, I survive to feel increasing anguish. How her lamentation pierce my soul: O virtue, how sublime are thy consolations!—all lost—for ever lost to me. No hope remains—I have sinned beyond forgiveness—Ah! she prays, she prays for me!—for me who have filled her heart with sorrow! unexampled goodness! Ought she not rather to call down curses on my guilty head?—O torture! her virtue, her piety, heightens my despair. My miseries are insupportable. My crime appears in all its magnitude. Not the apostate spirits in the lowest abyss of Hell feel more horror—Thou pray for me, Thirza!—Thy rash vows are all superfluous.—No, God will not hear thy prayers—he is just—Now she retires from the grave of her husband murdered by my hand. Dare I tread

the same path !—dare I weep on the traces made by her feet ?—No—Retire, barbarous fratricide !—Retire, bloody murderer ! from the sanctified spot—Fly, wretch, fly.”---Having thus spoke, he walked with hasty step, but suddenly stopping, he cried, “O Mahala! how can I leave thee ! how can I leave ye for ever. O my children ! I will in the dust deplore my crime before you---before thee, Mahala, perhaps now thou sheddest tears of compassion for my misery—perhaps thou wilt bless me still.---But what do I say ?---Cursed of God, who will dare to bless ?---No, hate me, curse me. I deserve it---then I fly, abhorred of all, laoded with the curse of God, and of all nature. Misery extreme! anguish insupportable ! I have no power to fly---I come, I come, my dearest wife ! to mourn before thee my guilt and wretchedness. I will weep at thy feet---I will implore thee to forgive my having chaced peace from thine heart, and filled thy days with sorrow. Then---yes, then ---I fly from thee Mahala---I fly from you, my children.”

Cain now passed at a distance from the grave, and advanced towards his cottage. He frequently stopped as irresolute. At length he came to his dwelling ; but stood long without, pale and trembling. Then with tottering and hesitating step, he passed the treshold.

Mahala was sitting on her solitary bed, gazing with weeping eyes at the pale moon, more pale herself than that star when enveloped in clouds. Her infants were crying round her. At the sight of her husband she gave a heart-piercing shriek, and fell on the bed senseless. The terrified infants grasped the knees of Cain, crying, "O my father! help our dear mother; she is faint---She is sick with weeping for Abel---He is dead---Adam has put him in the ground, and covered him with dust. Why was you so long a coming home? You have worked a long while. Dear father, comfort our mother." Overcome by the conflict of his various passions, Cain could give no answer to the little innocents. He embraced them, he hugged them in his arms, while his tears ran on their faces. Then unable to support his anguish, he fell on the earth at the feet of his wife. The children now redoubled their cries, which wakened Mahala from her swoon. She saw her weeping husband on the earth. "O Cain, Cain!" (she cried in a voice of despair, tearing her dishevelled locks.) "Mahala (interrupted Cain,) my dear Mahala, forgive me---pardon the murderer of thy brother. This once allow me to weep before thee---This once let me cast myself in the dust at thy feet---Ah! I conjure thee to grant me this



feeble consolation---this last hope of a misery that has no equal---only abstain from cursing me. Curse me not, O Mahala! I come to deplore before thee my misery and my guilt:--- then I fly far from thee forever. I will hide me in the deserts, cursed of God, followed by his wrath, I fly. O curse me not! curse not thy wretched husband."

"Ah Cain! (she replied, penetrated with the tenderest compassion;) though thou hast killed the best of brothers---though thou hast heaped inexpressible miseries on my wretched head, yet I forget not that thou art still my husband. I pity---I weep for thee." Cain answered, casting on her a look of tenderness, a look that expressed the bitter anguish of his heart, : "Fatal moment, when a dream from Hell deceived me! these little ones appeared before me as slaves to the sons of Abel. To save them from misery and bondage I killed him.---Cursed moment! I murdered the best of brothers, and the bloody deed will forever haunt my mind, and fill it with infernal horrors. My punishment is eternal--Yet, O Mahala! I would escape thy curses. Curse me not, my dearest wife, curse me not in my misery. This hour I fly. I quit thee forever. I quit ye forever, my beloved children! I fly from ye, cursed by God and man."

The children lamented round him. They raised their innocent hands in agony. Mahala sunk on the earth, and reclined on her husband. "Receive these tears---receive these expressions of my sincere forgiveness and compassion, (she said, while she wept over him.) Dost thou fly Cain!--Dost thou fly to the desert regions? How can I dwell here while thou art solitary and abandoned---while thou art miserable, far from me! No, Cain, I fly with thee. How can I suffer thee to be destitute of all relief in the deserts!--What cruel inquietudes would torment me! Every breeze I heard would fill me with terror! Perhaps he is now, I should say to myself---Perhaps he is at this instant in the agonies of death, without succour, in some barren wild." She was silent, and Cain, with a look of astonishment, cried, "What do I hear! Is it thou Mahala! Is it thou thyself, or does a dream again deceive me? It is, it is my dear, my virtuous wife! Thy words Mahala---thy consoling words have softened my despair. Thou dost not hate me! thou dost not curse me! It is enough. No, thou courageous! thou affectionate wife! thou shalt never share in the punishment due to my horrid crime, thou shalt not suffer for me, the chastisements of Heaven. Remain in this abode sanctified by virtue, where dwelleth the Divine Benediction. I will not ren-

der thee miserable. Forget me, Mahala---forget thy wretched husband. Abandoned by God, I shall wander without place of rest, but mayest thou be happy! mayest thou be blest!" "No Cain, if thou art miserable, I cannot here be happy, (replied Mahala,) I fly with thee---with thee I wander---I will be desolate with thee---I'll go with thee to the desert regions. Our children shall go with us. I will there share thy misery---I will try to assuage it---I will mix my tears of compassion, with thy tears of penitence---I will kneel by thy side---My prayers shall ascend to Heaven with thine---Our children prostrate round us, shall join their voices with ours. God will not disdain the penitent sinner. I fly with thee, Cain---Without ceasing we will pray---without ceasing, we will mourn before God, till a ray of his grace illumines thy benighted soul, and justifies our confidence in his mercy. Hope in God, Cain. He will hear the prayer of the penitent sinner."

O thou, (cried Cain,) by what name shall I call thee? Thou art to me as a gracious angel. A beam of divine consolation has darted into the obscurity of my soul! O Mahala! O my Wife! now I dare embrace thee. O that I could make thee sensible of what I feel: but words cannot express my gratitude---cannot express the tender emotions of my heart." At these words he pressed her



to his breast; then suddenly quitting her, he embraced his children: but soon returned to his wife, and again clasped her to his heart.

Now this tender mother, this heroic wife, soothed her infants and wiped away their tears. She took her youngest child to her breast, another little one held by the hand of his father, while Eliel and Josiah, full of life and gaiety, tripped before them. They left their cottage. Mahala with weeping eyes beheld the dwellings of her parents, and of Thirza. "Be blest, be blest, (said she,) O desolate family whom I abandon! Soon will I return to the place of our habitation, to supplicate your blessings for me---for my dear, my penitent husband. I will solicit for him a pardon." She now wept as irresolute, when instantly exhalations, more balsamic than are breathed from all the flowers of spring, surrounded the fugitives, and the voice of an invisible angel from over their heads, said, "Go, generous wife, I will in a dream inform thy tender mother of thine heroic courage. I will tell her, thou art gone with thy penitent husband to implore mercy for him, from the Sovereign Judge."

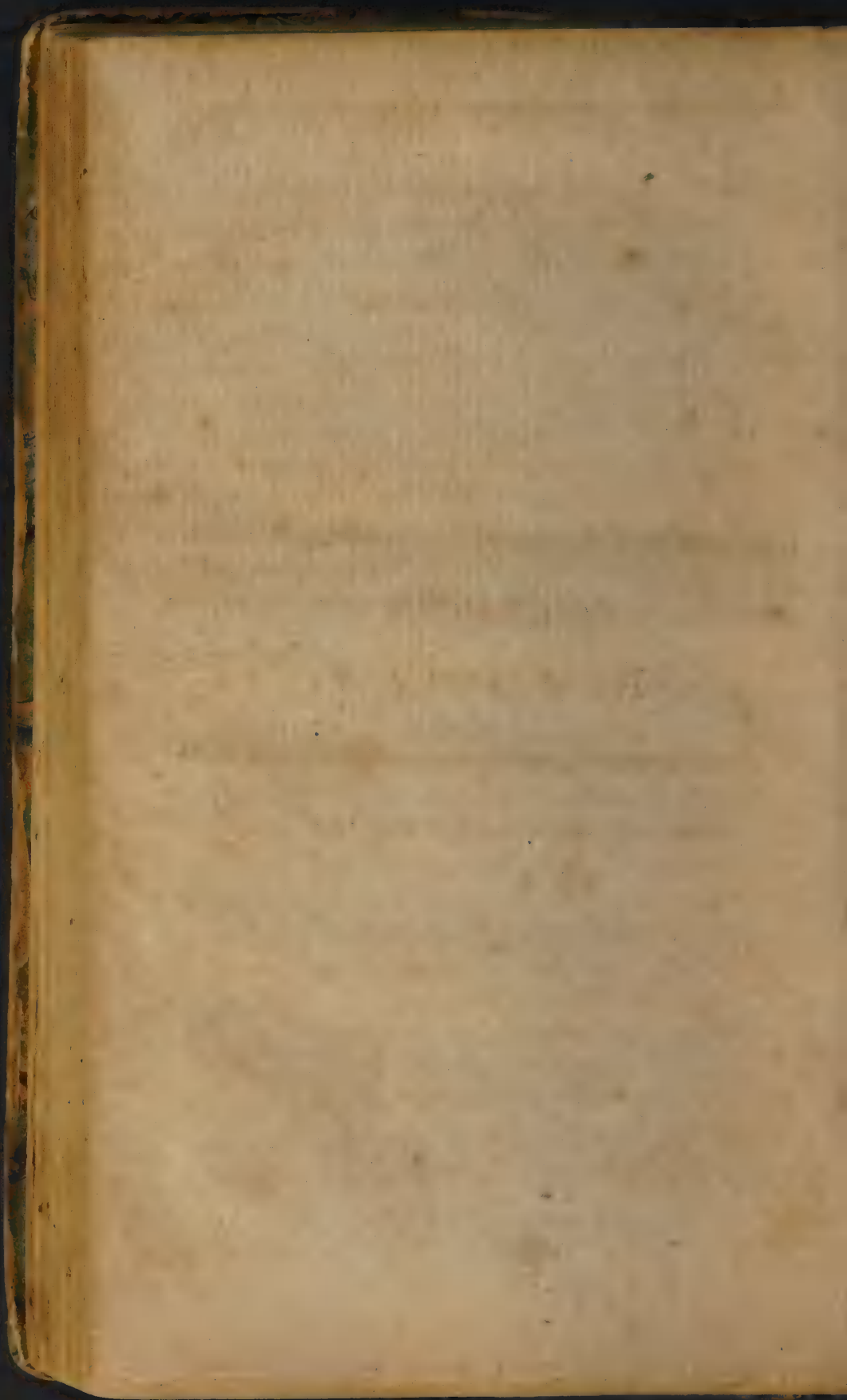
They now walked by the light of the nocturnal star. They lost sight of the dwellings, and advanced into the desert regions, where had never been imprinted the foot of man.

END OF THE DEATH OF ABEL.

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S. GESSNER'S  
**NEW IDYLS.**

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## GESSNER'S NEW IDYLS.

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### DAPHNE AND CHLOE.

#### DAPHNE.

THE moon is already risen behind those dusky mountains ; already her resplendant light shines through the trees that crown their summit. What a charm this place inspires !---Chloe, let us rest here a while. My brother will bring back the flocks to the fold.

*Chloe.* This lovely place enchants me. The freshness of the evening is delicious. Daphne, we will rest here a while.

*Daphne.* Dost thou see Chloe, near to that rock, the garden of the young Alexis ? Let us approach the hedge of rose-trees that surround it. It is the most beautiful garden in the country. Is there any one whose aspect is so delightful ? No : none that is cultivated with so much care.

*Chloe.* Let us go to it, Daphne.

*Daphne.* There is no shepherd who understands so well the culture of plants as Alexis. Is there Chloe ?

*Chloe.* No ; not any one.

*Daphne.* How all things here are fresh and flourishing; what creeps upon the ground, or climbs the props. There spouts the chrystal source, which falling from the summit of the rock, murmurs through the garden's shade. Observe the point of that rock over the cascade; it is there Alexis has formed a bower of honeysuckles. From the bosom of that retreat, how ravishingly must be the prospect of this vast campaign!

*Chloe.* Daphne, you praise with transport. Yes, all that we see is charming. The garden of the young Alexis is the most delightful of all the gardens of these parts. His flowers are the most beautiful. There is no fountain whose murmurs are so sweet, whose water is so refreshing.

*Daphne.* But you smile, Chloe.

*Chloe.* No; Daphne, no: observe this rose which I gathered: is not the perfume it breathes sweeter than that of all the other roses of the earth? Could it have been more delicious if cultivated by love himself?

*Daphne.* Chloe!

*Chloe.* Ah! why would you suppress the sigh with which your bosom heaves?

*Daphne.* Come, unlucky one, let us be gone.

*Chloe.* So soon! No, this place delights me; I am so happy here! But hark! I hear

■ noise! Under the dark shade of these lilacs we shall not be perceiv'd. Dost thou see him? It is Alexis; it is he himself. Tell me softly in my ear, is he not more handsome than all the shepherds of this country?

*Daphne.* Ah! let me go.

*Chloe.* No; I will not let thee go. He is pensive: he sighs. Surely some shepherdess has stolen his heart. My dear child, thy hand trembles in mine. Fear nothing; there is here no wolf.

The young shepherdesses conceal themselves under the thick shade of the lilacs; and Alexis, not knowing that he was heard, raised his melodious voice, and thus he sung:—

“O thou pale and tranquil moon, be witness to my sighs! and you, peaceful groves, how often have you sighed, after me, the name of Daphne! Tender flowers, that breathe your perfumes around me, the dew of the evening glitters on your leaves, while my cheeks are bathed with the tears of love. Ah! if I dared—Why can I not say—Daphne! I love thee more than the bee loveth the spring!

“I found her the other day at the fountain; she came to fill a weighty jug with water. Let me, I said, with a faltering voice, carry that load, too heavy for thy arm.—You are

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extremely kind, she said, all trembling. I took the heavy pitcher. Timid, my sighs with pain I stifled, while, with downcast eyes, by her side I walked; but did not dare to say—Daphne! I love thee more than the bee loveth the spring.

“Poor narcissus, how mournfully, by my side, thou hang'st thy head; the morning saw thee still in all thy splendor, but thou art now withered. Thus my youthful days will perish, if Daphne shall disdain my love. Then, ye charming flowers, ye various plants, that have ever been my dear delight, the object of my tenderest cares, deprived of culture, you will wither; for joy shall be forever banish'd from my heart. Choak'd will you be with tares, while the thorn and briar hang over you their fatal shade; and you young trees, planted by my hands, you that bear such delicious fruits, despoiled of all your gay attire, your withered branches mournfully shall rise over this savage place, while I the remainder of my days shall pass in sighs and tears.

“Mayst thou, when my ashes here repose, mayst thou be then, surrounded with all earthly bliss, enjoy the most enchanting pleasures in the arms of a more amiable happy lover!—No—distracting thoughts, why do you thus my soul torment!—I still behold

some glimmering rays of hope. Does not Daphne smile with a gracious ear, when, with lingering steps, I pass before her? Seated, the other day, on the declivity of the hill, I played upon my pipe, while she pass'd over the adjoining valley. Suddenly she stopp'd; which I no sooner saw, than my lips trembled, and my fingers running wildly o'er the reed, formed nought but incoherent sounds.

“O, if one day thy spouse, I shall conduct thee to these shades : ye then, fair flowers, in all your splended colours shine, and around her pour your sweet perfumes ; and you, young trees, bow down your loaded branches, and offer her your most delicious fruits.”

Thus sung Alexis. Daphne sigh'd, while her trembling hand was by Chloe's held. But Chloe called to the young shepherd—“Alexis,” she cried, “Daphne loves thee ; see where she lies reclined beneath the lilac's shade. Come, let thy kisses gather up the tears of love that bathe her cheeks.” With a timid air he ran. But how can I describe his transports, when Daphne, confused, and leaning upon Chloe's breast, confessed her love.

*THE NAVIGATION.*

It flies! the vessel that bears Daphne to the distant shores. Ah! at least that zephyr only, and the loves, may play around her.

Waves, float gently round the vessel! when her tender looks regard your idle gambols. Gods! 'tis then she will think of me.

May the birds who inhabit the groves, that border on the shore, sing but for thee! May the bushes and the reeds, agitated by the gentle gales, invite thee to these shades!

O sea, let thy brilliant surface be for ever tranquil. Never was more beauteous object confided to thy waves. The image of the sun, reflected by thy crystal waters, is not so unsullied as her beauty.

Venus had not more charms, when she rose from the sea's resplendent foam, and mounted her silver car; when, at her aspect, the enchanted Tritons forgot their noisy sports, forgot the nymphs with bulrushes all crowned.

They regarded not the troubled looks, nor sneering smiles of the jealous nymphs, while, plunged in most delightful ecstasies, their eyes still pursued the transporting goddess to the shady banks.



*THE CARNATION.*

AS Doris was walking in the garden, she perceived near a hedge of yoke elms, a carnation just blown, and variegated with the most brilliant colours. She approach'd it, and, with a smiling air, her lovely face reclin'd over the flower. While she inhal'd its sweet perfumes, the carnation seemed to kiss her lips. At that sight, I felt my cheeks inflamed, and said—Why cannot I—ah! why cannot I so touch your vermillion lips! —Doris retir'd. I approach'd the carnation.—Shall I pluck thee!—Shall I pluck thee, thou fair flower, that has touched her lips! Thy perfumes are more grateful to me than is the dew of heaven to the flowers of the field. I stretch'd my hand out, eager to gather it, when, on a sudden, to myself I said—What! shall I lay waste the flower that she has cherish'd? No, Doris shall place thee in her bosom, to meet her breath more fragrant; and thy delicious odours shall rise as the sacred incense mounts to Olympus, when we offer our vows to the goddess of beauty.

## CLIMENA AND DAMON.

## CLIMENA.

TELL me, my dear Damon, what dost thou mean to do with that little altar? To what divinity shall it be consecrated?

*Damon.* Dost thou not know, my Climena, what charms attract me to the banks of this peaceful stream? Hast thou forgot, that in the days of our infancy, it was our favourite retreat?

Here, when we passed our time together, not taller than this young columbine, our hours flew rapidly away, while we were delighted in the sweet sports of innocence. It is therefore, Climena, that I erect this little altar. I would pay my homage to the God of Sensibility; for it was his fires—O delightful remembrance!—it was his fires that then glowed in and inflam'd our hearts.

*Climena.* Can that remembrance be less charming to thee, Damon, than to me? Here, around this altar, I will plant myrtles and rose trees. If Pan shall prove propitious, their branches will soon rise above the summit of the altar, and form a verdant temple, where we will resort to pay our adorations to innocence and love.

*Damon.* Dost thou behold this thicket? Its branches still ascend in arches, though now neglected. This was our habitation; we raised the roof as high as we could reach, yet a goat would have pierced the top with his horns; such was its height. Branches of ozier formed the walls, and a small chequer of rose-trees closed the entrance to our dwelling. How delicious were all the hours we passed in this lovely retreat!

*Climena.* Did I not too plant, before our house, a little garden; and did we not surround it with a hedge of bulrushes? So high it was, that a sheep would have brows'd it in a moment.

*Damon.* Can the favour of the gods rest upon the house where no children are? You found a little mutilated image of the god of love, and, like a fond mother, you were prodigal of your care and caresses. A nut-shell was its bed, and you lulled it with your songs, while it reposed on the leaves of roses.

*Climena.* Yes, Damon, and that god will recompence the ingenious cares of our infancy.

*Damon.* I one day made a little cage of rushes. I put a grasshopper into it, and then presented it to thee. You would have taken it from the cage to play with; but as



you held it, in struggling to escape, it left one of its slender legs between your fingers. Fluttering with pain, the grasshopper remain'd fix'd on the stalk of a flower. Ah, look! you said, how the poor insect trembles! Thou art tortured, and I am the cause of thy misery. Your eyes were bathed in tears, and I rejoiced to see thee so tender and sympathizing.

*Climena.* Thy goodness, Damon, appeared to me far more affecting, on the day my brother took two young linnets from their nest. Give me, you said, those little birds; but he would not part with them. I will give thee this crook for them: look with what art I have adorned it; see how this brown bark, and these green twigs, twine round the shining wand. The offer was accepted. When you had got the tender birds, you put them in your little basket, and climbing the tree, placed them gently in their nest. Then tears of joy ran down my cheeks; I should have loved thee from that moment, had I never loved thee before.

*Damon.* Thus sweetly past the hours away, when, in our infant sports, I was thy husband, and thou my wife.

*Climena.* And those hours shall I ever remember with delight.

*Damon.* How happy will be each moment of our lives, if, with the next new moon, as thy mother hath promis'd, Hymen shall unite our loves, and realize our infant pastimes!

*Climena.* If the propitious gods shall deign to bless our lot, never my companion—no, never were lovers more happy than we.



*THE AUTUMNAL MORNING.*

ALREADY had the sun's rays gilded the summit of the mountains, and proclaimed the approach of the fairest of autumnal days, when Milon placed himself at his window.—The sun then shone through the branches of the vine, whose verdure, mix'd with purple and Aurora, form'd over the window a shady arbour, that lightly wav'd to the morning's gentle gale. The sky was serene; a sea of vapours cover'd the valley. The highest hills, crown'd with smoking cottages, and, with the party colour'd garb of autumn, rose like islands, by the power of the sun's rays, out of the bosom of that sea. The trees, loaded with ripening fruits, presented to the eye a striking mixture of a thousand shades of gold and purple, with some remains of verdure. Milon, in sweet ecstasy, suffer'd his sight to wander through the vast extent. Sometimes he heard far off, sometimes more near, the joyous bleating of the sheep, the flutes of the shepherds, and the warblings of the birds, that by turns pursued each other on the floating gales, or died away in the vapours of the valley. Plung'd in a profound contemplation, for a long time he stood motionless; then fir'd with a sudden transport



## THE AUTUMNAL MORNING. 203

of divine enthusiasm, he seized his lyre, that hung against the wall, and thus he sung :—

“Grant, O grant me, gods ! the power to express my transports and my gratitude, in hymns worthy of you ! Full-blown nature now shines forth in all her charms ; her riches she profusely pours around ; mirth and festivity reigns throughout the plains. The prosperous year smiles in our vines and orchards. How beautiful appears this vast champaign ! How delightful the variegated dress of autumn !

“Happy the man whose heart feels no remorse : who, with his lot contented, frequently enjoys the delight of doing good. The serenity of the morning invites him to new joy : his days are full of happiness : and night finds him in the arms of the sweetest slumbers : his mind is forever open to the impressions of pleasure ! The various beauties of the seasons enchant him ; and he alone enjoys all the bounties of nature.

“But doubly bless’d is he who shares his happiness with a companion form’d by virtue and the graces : with one like thee, my lov’d Daphne. Since Hymen has united our destinies, there is no felicity that is so delightful to me. Yes, since Hymen has united our destinies, they are like the concord of two flutes, whose pure and sweet accents repeat

the same air. Whoever hears them is penetrated with joy. Did my eyes ever express a desire that thou didst not accomplish? Have I ever tasted any happiness that thou didst not augment? Did any care ever pursue me to thy arms, and thou didst not dispel, as the vernal sun dispels the fogs? Yes, my spouse, the day that I conducted thee to my cottage, I saw all the joys of life attend thy train, and join themselves to our household gods, there forever to remain. Domestic order and elegance, fortitude and joy, preside over all our labours, and the gods vouchsafe to bless thy undertakings.

“Since thou hast been the felicity of my heart, since thou hast been mine, O Daphne! all that surrounds me is become more pleasing to my sight; prosperity has rested on my cottage, and dwelt among my flocks, my plantations, and my harvests. Each day’s labour is a new pleasure, and when I return, fatigued, to this peaceful roof, how delightfully am I solaced by thy tender assiduity! Spring now appears more joyous, summer and autumn more rich; and, when winter covers our habitation with its hoary frost, then, before the glowing fire, seated by thy side, I enjoy, in the midst of the most tender cares and pleasing converse, the delicious pleasures of domestic tranquillity. Let the north wind

rage, and let storms of snow hide the face of all the country from my view—shut up with thee, my Daphne! I feel, I more sensibly feel, that thou art all to me: and you, my lovely infants! crown my felicity; adorned with all the graces of your mother, you are to us an earnest of heaven's unbounded favours. The first words that Daphne taught you to lisp, was—that you loved me: health and gaiety smile in all your features, and sweet complacency shines already in your eyes: you are the joy of our youth, and your prosperity will be the comfort of our latter days. When returning from the labours of the field, or from guarding my flocks, you meet me at the cottage-door with cries of joy; when, hanging on my knees, you receive, with the transports of innocence, the trifling presents of fruit that I have gather'd, or the little instruments that I have made, while tending my flocks, to form your hands, as yet too feeble, to culture the garden, or the field: gods! how does the sweet simplicity of your joys delight me!—In my transport, O Daphne, I rush to thy arms, that are open to embrace me; then, with what an enchanting grace you kiss away the tears of joy that flows from my eyes.”

While he thus sung, Daphne entered, holding in each arm an infant, more beauti-



ful than Love himself. The morning, bath'd in resplendent dew, is not so charming as was Daphne, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks.—O my love! she sighing said, how happy am I! We are come—O we are come, to thank thee for thy tender love. At these words, he clasp'd the lovely infants and their mother in his arms: lost in delight, they could not speak. Ah, he who at that instant had seen them, must sure have felt, at the bottom of his heart, that the virtuous man alone is happy.

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*THE OBSECRATION.*

GRANT, O nymphs! grant that the waters of your spring may lave my wounded side. Give to this fountain a salutary power; for it was not rage or enmity that caus'd this blood to flow. The tender son of Amyn-tas, assail'd by a wolf, made the woods resound with his cries; when, at once, thanks to the immortal powers! I flew to his aid. While the ravenous beast was struggling under my blows, with his keen teeth he tore my side. O nymphs! be not offended that the blood which flows from my wound pollute your chrystal waters. To-morrow, with the early dawn, I will sacrifice to you, on this bank, a kid, white as the snow just fallen from the skies.

## THE ZEPHYRS.

## FIRST ZEPHYR.

WHY dost thou thus idly flutter among these rose-trees? Come, let us fly together to the centre of yonder valley. Those shades conceal the nymphs who bathe in the transparent waters of the lake.

*Second Zephyr.* I shall not follow thee. Go, frisk about the nymphs; a more delightful task detains me here. I shall imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers, and gather their delicious perfumes.

*First Zephyr.* Is that a more delightful task than to mingle with the sportive nymphs, who gaiety for ever breathe?

*Second Zephyr.* A tender virgin, beauteous as the youngest of the graces, will presently pass by this place. With each returning dawn, bearing on her arm a well-stored basket, she repairs to the cottage on the summit of yon hill. Dost thou not see it? 'Tis that whose mossy roof reflects the first rays of the morning. Thither Melinda bears relief to indigence. A woman virtuous, but infirm and poor, dwells in that humble cot. Two infants, in the opening flower of innocence, would weep of hunger by the bed of their unfortunate mother, were not Melinda their guardian angel. Transported with hav-

ing administered consolation to distress, she will soon return, her lovely cheeks glowing with heartfelt joy, and her brilliant eyes still bathed with tears of pity. I wait for her return in this chicket of roses. As soon as she appears, I fly to meet her; and my wings, spreading round her the most sweet perfumes, will cool her burning cheeks; while I kiss the tears just starting from her eyes. This is my delightful task.

*First Zephyr.* You transport me. How sweet is your employ! I will, like thee, imbrue my wings in the dew that bathes these flowers; like thee I will gather their perfumes; and, like thee, at the return of Melinda, I will fly to meet her. But see, from yonder grove she comes, all beauteous as the morning of a glorious day. Virtue smiles upon her rosy lips. Her deportment is that of the graces. Come, let us spread our wings; never have I fanned more vermilion cheeks, nor a visage more enchanting.



## AMYNTAS.

LYCAS and I came from Miletum, bearing our offerings to Apollo. We already perceived at a distance, the hill on which the temple, adorned with columns of resplendent white, rose from the bosom of a laurel grove, toward the azure vault of heaven; beyond the grove, our view was lost in the sea's unbounded surface. It was mid-day. The sand burn'd the soles of our feet, and the sun darted its rays so directly on our heads, that the shadows of the locks of hair which covered our foreheads, extended over the whole face. The panting lizard dragged himself with pain through the fern that bordered the path. No sound was heard, save that of the grasshopper chirping amidst the meadow's schorch'd grass. At each step there rose a cloud of fiery dust that burn'd our eyes, and stuck upon our parched lips. Thus we labour'd on, oppress'd by langour; but soon increas'd our pace, when we saw before us, even on the border of our path, some high and spreading trees. Their shade was dark as night. Seiz'd with a religious awe, we entered the grove, and there inhaled a most refreshing breeze. This delicious place at once afforded all that could regale each sense. The tufted trees inclosed a verdant spot, wa-

tered by a pure and most refreshing stream. The branches of the trees, bending with golden fruit, hung o'er the bason, and the wild rose, jessamine, and mulberry, twined in rich lusters round their trunks. A bubbling spring rose from the foot of a monument, surrounded by honey-suckles, the sickly willow, and the creeping ivy.—O gods! I cried—how enchanting is this place! My soul venerates the bounteous hand that planted these delightful shades. His ashes here, perhaps, repose.—See here, cries Lycas—see those characters, that appear through the branches of the honey-suckle, on the front of the tomb. They, perhaps, will tell us who it was that thus vouchsaf'd the weary traveller to solace. He rais'd the branches with his staff, and read these words:

“Here repose the ashes of Amyntas—  
“whose whole life was one continued scene  
“of bounteous acts: desirous to extend his  
“goodness far beyond the grave, he hither  
“led this stream, and planted these trees.”  
Blessed be thy ashes, generous man! May thy posterity be for ever blessed! While I was speaking, we perceived at a distance, through the trees, some-one advancing towards us. It was a young and beauteous woman: her shape was elegant: in her deportment appeared a noble simplicity: on

her arm she bore an earthen vase.—Advancing to the fountain, she addressed us in a courteous voice—You are strangers, she said, wearied, doubtless, with your tedious journey in the fervour of the day. Say; do you want any refreshment you have not here met with?—We thank thee, I replied—we thank thee, amiable and beneficent woman. What could we wish for more? The waters of this stream are so pure, so delicious are these fruits, and these shadows so refreshing! We are fill'd with veneration of that worthy man whose ashes here repose; his bounty hath anticipated every want the traveller can know. You seem to be of this country, and, doubtless, knew him.—Ah! tell us while we repose beneath these cooling shades, tell us who was this virtuous man?

The woman then seating herself at the foot of the tomb, and leaning on the vase, which she placed by her side, with a gracious smile, replied:

His name was Amyntas. To honour the gods, and do good to mankind, was his greatest felicity. There is not a shepherd in all this country, who does not revere his memory with the most tender gratitude; not one who does not, with tears of joy, relate some instance of his rectitude or beneficence. I owe to him myself all that I enjoy; it was



by him that I became the happiest of women—here her eyes were fill'd with tears—I am the wife of his son.—My father died, leaving my mother and myself in grief and poverty. Retiring to a solitary cottage we there lived by the labour of our hands, and by the beneficence of virtue.—Two goats that gave us milk, and the fruits of a small orchard, were all our wealth.—This calm did not long continue; my mother died and I was left alone without support or consolation. Amyntas then took me to his house, and committing to my care the conduct of his family, was more a father than a master to me. His son the most handsome of all the shepherds of these hamlets, saw with what tender solicitude I sought to merit such a sweet asylum. He saw my faithful labours and assiduous cares.—He loved me, and he told me that he loved me. I would not confess to myself what my heart felt at that moment,—Damon, I said, forget thy love; I was born in indigence, and am quite happy to be a servant in thy house. This, to him, I often earnestly repeated; but he would nor forget his love.

One day, while I for use prepared our fleecy stores before the cottage door, Amyntas came, and sat down by me in the morning sun. After looking a long time at me, with

a gracious smile, he said—My child, thy candour, cares, and modesty, delight me. I love thee, and I will, if the gods should prove propitious, I will make thee happy.—Cou'd I, O my dear master! cou'd I be more happy, if I merited thy bounty! was all I could reply; while tears of gratitude flowed from my eyes.—My child, he said, I would honour the memory of thy parents; I would see in my old age, my son and thee made happy. He loves thee—will his love—tell me—will his love make thee happy? The work fell from my hands; I trembled, blushed, and stood motionless before him. He took me by the hand—My son's love, tell me, again he said, will his love make thee happy? I fell at his feet, and my voice died on my lips. I prest his hand against my cheeks, bedewed with tears; and from that fortunate day I have been the happiest of women. She paused awhile; then, drying her eyes, continued thus:—Such was the man, whose ashes here repose. You may still wish to know how he brought hither this stream, and planted these trees; I shall now inform you.

In his latter days, he frequently came to this spot, and seated himself on the side of the high way. With an affable and smiling aspect he saluted the passengers, and offered

refreshment to the weary'd traveller. And what, he one day said, if I should here plant fruit-trees, and under their shade, conduct a fresh and limpid stream : both shade and water are from hence far distant : I shall then solace, a long time after I am gone, the man fatigued with travel, and him that faints amid the noon-day's ardour. This design he executed soon. Hither he conducted that pure stream, and around it set these fertile trees, whose fruits, in different seasons, ripen. The work completed, he repaired to the temple of Apollo ; and having presented his offering, he made this prayer :—" O god !  
" prosper the young trees I have just planted,  
" that the pious man, as he resorts to thy  
" temple, may refresh himself under their  
" shade."

The god vouchsaf'd to hear his prayer. Amyntas rising early the next morning, directed his first looks towards this spot : but how was he transported, when, instead of the saplings he had planted the preceding day, he saw lofty and spreading trees.—O god ! he cried, what do I behold ! Tell me, O my children, is it a dream that deludes me ! I see the plants that I set but yesterday changed into strong and lofty trees !—Transported with sacred admiration, we all went to the grove. The branches of the trees,



already in their full vigour, and loaded with fruit, bow'd down to the flowery ground.—O wonderful! the old man cried—shall I, even in the winter of my days, still walk beneath these shades!—We poured forth our thanksgivings, and sacrificed to the god who had granted, had even exceeded the prayers of Amyntas. But, alas! this old man, so favoured by the gods, did not long frequent this bower. He died, and we have here interred his ashes, that all who repose under these shades may bless his memory.

At this relation, penetrated by respect, we blessed the ashes of the worthy man: and said to his daughter—“This stream we have  
“found most pleasing; by these shades we  
“have been refreshed, but much more by  
“the recital you have made us.—May the  
“gods, each moment of thy life, pour down  
“their blessings on thee!”—and, filled with divine sensations, we directed our steps to the temple of Apollo.

## THYRSIS.

IN vain, said Thyrsis, sighing forth his pain—it is in vain, propitious nymph, you breathe such sweet refreshing gales amidst these shades. 'Tis not for me your urns pour forth the limpid stream beneath the shelter of these groves. I burn—alas! I burn, as in the furious heats of harvest. Seated at the foot of the hill, where Chloe's cottage stands, to the echo, a tender air I sung. The summit of the hill is shaded by a garden of fruit-trees, her own hands cultivate. By my side rolled a murmuring stream, that in its winding course flows through the garden. Often in this flood she laves her hands and rosy cheeks.—Sudden I heard the sound of the bolt that fastens the garden door. Chloe came forth. A soft zephyr wanton'd in her flaxen tresses. How beauteous she appeared. In one hand she bore a curious basket, filled with the choicest fruit, and, with the other—modesty conceals, even when she thinks that no one sees—with the other she held her robe across her rising bosom, which the sportive zephyrs endeavoured to unveil. Her airy garment, winding in graceful folds about her shape and knees, behind her floated, at the pleasure of the winds, with pleasing murmurs.

As Chloe thus pass'd o'er the summit of the hill, two apples fell from her basket, and roll'd down to my feet, as if by love himself directed. I picked them up, and pressing them to my lips, ascended the hill, and gave them to the blooming maid. My hand trembled—I would have spoke, but could only sigh. Chloe inclined her eyes, while a lovely blush spread o'er her cheeks. Then, with a gracious air, she smil'd—again she blush'd, and presented me the fairest apple. Both abash'd, quite motionless we stood. Ah! what did I not that moment feel. Then, with lingering steps, she home returned. My looks remained still fix'd upon her. At the door of her cottage she stopp'd, and, with a courteous air, she turned again towards me. My eyes, long after she was gone, remained fixed on the threshold of her door. At last I descended the hill, my knees trembling under me. Love, O tender love, be propitious to my vows! Ah! what I have since that moment felt can never be effaced from my heart.



## TO LOVE.

LOVELY god of Cyprus, it was on the first of May I rais'd this altar to thee, at the bottom of my garden, and crowned it with a bower of myrtles and roses! Love! on this altar have I not each morning offer'd to thee a garland of flowers, bedew'd with the tears of Aurora? But, alas! thou deridest my vows. The north winds have already blasted the verdure of the trees and meadows; yet Phillis—Phillis remains still cruel as on the first of May.

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DAPHNIS.

ON a fair summer's night, Daphnis stole to the cottage of his shepherdess. Love can seldom sleep. The vast expanse of heaven was strewed with brilliant stars. The moon pour'd her gentle rays through the dark shades of the forest. All the country round was still and gloomy. All things seemed to respect the repose of nature. No light was seen except some sparkles of the torch of night, that play'd upon the purling brooks, and here and there a glow-worm, wandering in the dark. All other lights were out,

Daphnis, plunged in a sweet melancholy, seated himself before the cottage of his mistress. His eyes remained fixed on the window of the chamber where she slept. The window was partly open to the soft gales of the night, and to the gentle rays of the moon. Daphnis, in a low voice, thus sung:—

“ May thy slumbers be tranquil, O my beloved, and refreshing as the morning breeze. Rest gently on thy couch, as the drops of dew repose upon the leaves of the lily, when no breath of wind agitates the flowers. How soft must be the slumbers of innocence !

“ Descend from heaven, sweet dreams ! you that attend the lovely train of sports and mirth, descend on Cynthia’s rays, and hover over my shepherdess. Present to her mind nought but laughing plains, pastures ever verdant, and flocks more white than is their milk.

“ Let her think she hears a concert of the sweetest flutes resounding in the solitary valley, as if it were Apollo’s self that played. May she seem to bathe in some pure crystal stream, beneath the shades of jessamine and myrtle, beheld by none except the birds that fly from tree to tree, and sing for her alone ! Let her seem to sport among the graces ; let them call her their companion and their sister ; and may they together wander in the

most delightful fields, gathering of flowers; the garlands made by Phillis being worn by the graces: those made by them be worn by her.

“Lovely dreams conduct her to the groves where flowers are with the verdure mix’d! There let the little loves pursue and play around her, as bees about the new-blown rose. Let one of the lovely group settle at her feet, loaded with a fragrant apple: while another presents her with vermilion and transparent grapes, and others agitate the flowers with their wings, to diffuse about her the most sweet perfumes.

“At the bottom of the grove let the Paphian god appear, but without his arrows or his quiver, lest he alarm her timid innocence. Let him be alone adorn’d with all the charms of his enchanting youth.

“Sweet dreams!—deign at last to present my image to her. Let her see me languishing at her feet; incline my eyes, and say, in faltering accents,—that for love of her I die; Never, O never yet have I dar’d to tell it her. Ah! at that dream may a sigh distend her bosom. May she then blush and smile upon me! Why am not I as beautiful as Apollo, when he guarded the flocks? Why are not my songs as melodious as those of the nightingale; and why have I not all excellencies to deserve her love?”



Thus sung the shepherd; and then, by the light of the moon, returned to his cottage. Dreams of hope beguiled the remaining hours of night. At break of day, he led his flock by the side of the hill where the cottage of Phillis stood. His sheep went slowly on, browsing on the sides of the path. "Feed on, my sheep, feed on my tender lambkins; there is no sweeter pasture. The verdure on which Philis casts her looks becomes more pleasing, and the flowers are eager to adorn the path she treads."

While he thus spoke, Phillis appear'd at her window. The morning-sun brighten'd her beauteous visage. He saw that she regarded him with a gentle smile: he even saw a most lively colour glow in her cheeks. With lingering steps, and a heart that throbbed with joy, he pass'd before her: she saluted him with a lovely air, and her looks, complacent, still pursued him—for she had listen'd to his midnight song.

*CORYDON AND MENALCUS.*

CORYDON.

I BORE my offering to the god of love, in the little marble temple. I suspended to the myrtles that surround it, a small wicker basket, neatly interwove; garlands of fresh blown flowers, and my best pipe. I invoked the god of love, and said—O tender love! deign to smile upon the offering of my heart. —Well, Menalcus; passing yesterday by the temple, I enter'd the grove of myrtles. I looked at my little basket, and what do you think I saw? A bird, of the most beautiful plumage, was perching on the edge of the basket, and chanting his notes of love. At my approach, he flew away. I looked into my basket, and found a nest carefully constructed, with little eggs but newly hatch'd. —The mother, disturb'd and trembling, endeavour'd to cover them with her wings; and, looking at me, seemed to say—Young shepherd, do not molest my tender offspring. I retir'd; when the father, who flew in circles around my head, settled again upon the edge of the basket; and I heard them sweetly warble songs of joy and tenderness. Now tell me, dear Menalcus, you who every pre-sage can expound—tell me, what does this portend?

*Menalcus.* That, in the bosom of the purest happiness united, thy shepherdess and thee shall pass your peaceful days, and that Juno Lucina shall bless your loves.

*Corydon.* I swear, by the immortal gods 'tis what I thought! But, to be well assured, I would consult thy wisdom. Take this white kid, and this pitcher filled with honey, sweet as the lips of my shepherdess, and pure as the breath of heaven. I present them to thee. He said, and went away, leaping with joy, like a young goat that bounds amidst the dew of May.

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*GLICERA.*

GLICERA was beautiful and poor. Scarce had she number'd sixteen springs, when she lost the mother who had brought her up. Reduced to servitude, she kept the flocks of Damon, who cultivated the lands of a rich citizen of Mitylene. One day, her eyes flowing with tears, she went to visit her mother's solitary tomb. She pour'd upon the grave a cup of pure water, and suspended crowns of flowers to the branches of the bushes she had planted around it. Seated beneath the mournful shade, and drying up her tears, she said—"O thou most tender of mothers, how dear to my heart is the re-



membrance of thy virtues! If ever I forget the instructions thou gavest me, with such a tranquil smile, in that fatal moment when, inclining thy head upon my bosom, I saw thee expire:—if ever I forget them may the propitious gods forsake me! and may thy sacred shade for ever fly me! it is thou that hast just preserved my innocence. I come to tell thy manes all. Wretch that I am! Is there any one on earth to whom I dare open my heart?—Nicias, the lord of this country, came hither to enjoy the pleasures of autumn. He saw me; he regarded me with a soft and gracious air. He praised my flocks, and the care I took of them: he often told me that I was genteel, and made me presents. Gods! how was I deceived! But, in the country, who mistrusts? I said to myself, how kind our master is! May the gods reward him! All my vows shall be for him: 'tis all that I can do—but I will for ever do it. The rich are happy, and favour'd by the immortals. When bountiful, like Nicias, they deserve to be happy. This to myself, I said, and let him take my hand, and press it in his. The other day I blush'd, and dared not look up, when he put a gold ring upon my finger. See, he said—see what is engraved on this stone! A winged child, who smiles, like thee; and 'tis he that must make thee happy.

As he spoke these words, he stroked my cheeks, that were redder than fire. He loves me; he has the tenderness of a father for me: how have I deserved so much kindness from a lord, and so rich and powerful? O, my mother! that was all thy poor child thought. Heaven! how was I deceived!—This morning he found me in the orchard; he chuck'd me familiarly under the chin. Come, he said, bring me some new-blown flowers to the myrtle bower, that I may there enjoy their sweet perfumes. With haste I chose the finest flowers, and, full of joy, I ran to the bower. Thou art, he said, more nimble than the zephyrs, and more beautiful than the goddess of flowers. Then, immortal gods!—I yet tremble at the thought—then, he catch'd me in his arms, and press'd me to his bosom; and all that love can promise, all that is soft and seducing, flow'd from his lips. I wept—I trembled. Unable to resist such arts, I had been for ever lost—no, thou wouldst no longer have had a child—if thy remembrance had not watch'd over my heart. Ah! if thy worthy mother had ever seen thee suffer such disgraceful caresses!—That thought alone gave me power to force myself from the arms of the seducer, and fly. Now, I come:—O with what comfort is it that I still dare!—I come to weep

over thy grave. Alas! poor and unfortunate as I am, why did I lose thee when so young! I droop like a flower, deprived of the support that sustain'd its feeble stalk. This cup of pure water I pour to the honour of thy manes. Accept this garland! Receive my tears! May they penetrate even to thy ashes! Hear, O my mother, hear—'tis to thy dear remains, that repose beneath these flowers, which my eyes have so often bedew'd—'tis to thy sacred shade I here renew the vows of my heart. Virtue, innocence, and the fear of the gods, shall make the happiness of my days. Therefore, poverty shall never disturb the serenity of my mind. May I do nothing that thou wouldst not have approv'd with a smile of tenderness, and I shall surely be, as thou wast, belov'd of gods and men: for I shall be gentle, modest and industrious. O my mother, by living thus, I hope to die like thee, with smiles, and tears of joy!"

Glicera, on quitting the place, felt all the powerful charms of virtue. The gentle warmth that was diffused over her mind, sparkled in her eyes, still wet with tears. She was beautiful as those days of spring, when the sun shines through a transient shower. With a mind quite tranquil, she was hastening back to her labour, when



Nicias ran to meet her. O Glicera! he said—and tears flowed down his cheeks—I have heard thee at thy mother's tomb. Fear nothing, virtuous maid! I thank the immortal gods! I thank that virtue which hath preserved me from the crime of seducing thy innocence. Forgive me, chaste Glicera! forgive, nor dread in me a fresh offence. My virtue triumphs through thine. Be wise, be virtuous, and be ever happy. That meadow surrounded with trees, near to thy mother's tomb, and half the flock thou keepest are thine. May a man of equal virtue complete the happiness of thy days! Weep not, virtuous maid! but accept the present I offer thee with a sincere heart, and suffer me, from henceforth, to watch over thy happiness. If thou refusest me, a remorse, for offending thy virtue, will be the torment of all my days. Forget, O vouchsafe to forget my crime! and I will revere thee as a propitiuous power that hath defended me against myself.

## THE NOSEGAY.

I HAVE seen Daphne. Perhaps, alas! perhaps it would have been happy for me had I not seen her. Never before did she appear so charming. I was reposing, during the noon-day fervour, under the shadow of the willows, where the brook rolls slowly o'er the pebbles. The clustering boughs hung o'er my head, and spread their peaceful shade upon the water. There I enjoyed the sweetness of repose. But since that hour, alas! there is no repose for me.

Not far from the bank where I sat, I heard a rustling of the leaves, and presently saw Daphne, the beauteous Daphne! She walked in the shade, by the side of the stream. There, with a charming grace, she rais'd her azure robe, and discovering her lovely feet, entered the limpid stream: then her body gently inclining, with her right hand she laved her beauteous visage, and, with the other, held her flowing robe: then she stopp'd, and waited till not a drop fell from her hand to agitate the surface of the stream. The water become tranquil, presented the artless semblance of her lovely features.—Daphne smil'd at her own beauty, and her flaxen tresses in a charming group collected. For whom, I sighing said, for whom are all

these cares? Who wou'd she please? Who is the happy mortal that employs her thoughts; while the pleasure to see herself so lovely thus blows the roses of her lips.

While she mused, inclining o'er the brook, she dropp'd the nosegay that adorn'd her bosom, and the stream brought it to where I sat. Daphne retired, and I seiz'd the nosegay. How I kiss'd it! How I held it to my panting heart! No, I would not have parted with it for a whole flock. But, alas! it fades—this lovely nosegay! and yet it is but two days since I first possessed it. With what care have I not preserv'd it! I have still kept it in the prize cup I gain'd in the spring by singing. On it is seen curiously engraved, the figure of love, sitting under a bower of myrtle; with the ends of his fingers, he smiling, tries the sharpness of his arrows; at his feet appear two doves, their wings mixing together, while they tenderly bill each other. Three times each day, in this cup, have I refresh'd my nosegay with the purest water, and at night exposed it at my window to the dew of heaven. How often, leaning over these flowers, have I breath'd their sweet perfumes! Their odour seems to me more delicious, and their colours more brilliant than those of all the flowerets of the spring. It



was on Daphne's bosom they completely bloom'd.

Then, in an ecstasy, I contemplate the cup, and I sighing say—O love! how infectious are thy arrows! how forcibly I feel their sting! Ah! make Daphne feel for me but half of what I feel for her, and I will consecrate to thee this cup. I will place it on this little altar. Every morning will I surround it with a garland of the freshest flowers, and when winter shall despoil our gardens, I will adorn it with a branch of myrtle. O may you, charming doves, may you be the happy omen of my future bliss. But, alas! in spite of all my cares, the nosegay fades. Dejected and colourless the flowers hang their heads around the cup; no longer they exhale perfumes, but their drooping leaves fall off. O love, grant that the fate of these flowers may not prove a direful presage to my tender passion,

## DAMETUS AND MILON.

SEE that ram, Dametus ; how he plunges in the bog, and how the sheep follow him. This mud produces nought but unwholesome weeds, and these waters swarm with noxious insects. Come, let us drive our flocks from hence.

*Milon.* How stupid are these animals ! Here is trefoil, thyme, and lavender : all these shrubs are encircled by the ivy ; and yet they quit this pasture for the weeds of an infectious bog. But, Dametus, are we always more wise than they ? Do we never leave the good to follow evil ?

*Dametus.* Whither will their stupidity drive them ? Among these reeds, the frogs leap about them. Stupid, as you are, leave that bog, and come back to these verdant banks. In what a plight they are ! and but now their wool was all so white !

*Milon.* So, here you are at last : leave no more these flowery downs. But tell me, Dametus, what is that I see ? Marble columns thrown down amid the mire, and surrounded by rank weeds and rushes. Behold that mouldering arch ; it is buried in the ivy, and, from its crevices shoot forth the bramble and the thorn.

*Dametus.* It has been a monument.

*Milon.* I see it has, Dametus. See, here is an urn sunk in the mire; all its side appears to be ornamented with figures; terrible warriors, and fiery steeds, trampling under their feet men extended in the dust. He that wish'd to have his ashes cover'd with such direful images, was certainly no shepherd. The man, whose proud mausoleum has been thus suffer'd to tumble into ruins, was surely no friend to these villages. Posterity pays to his memory but small regard, and but few flowers are strew'd around his tomb.

*Dametus.* His tomb! He was a monster! He laid waste these fertile plains, and of free-born men made slaves. The horses of his warriors trampled under foot the husbandman's fair hopes; and, with the dead bodies of our ancestors, he strew'd the desolated fields. As ravenous wolves rush on the timid flocks, so his armed squadrons bore down upon the peaceful sons of men, who never had offended him. Founding his grandeur on the enormity of his crimes, he display'd his pride in marble palaces, and gorged the blood of the provinces his barbarity had ravag'd. 'Twas himself that rais'd this pompous monument to his brutal fury.

*Milon.* What a hateful monster! But, I admire his frenzy. It was to his crimes he



erected this monument, that our latest posterity might not be ignorant of them, and that they might never forget, when they pass'd this way, to curse his memory; and now, behold his tomb thrown down, his ashes mix'd with the mud, and the urn that contain'd them fill'd with slime and venomous reptiles. Who can see, without a smile mix'd with horror and pity, the frog seated on the helmet of the hero, and the snail crawl unconcern'd along his dreadful sword.

*Dametus.* What now remains of all his fatal grandeur? What, but the foul remembrance of his heinous deeds; while his mournful shade is consign'd to the torments of avenging furies.

*Milon.* None, no not one, will deign to offer up for him a single prayer. Immortal gods! how wretched is the man whose days are stain'd by crimes! Even after he exists, his memory is held in execration. No, though I were offer'd all the riches of the earth to commit a crime, I would rather have two goats, and enjoy my peace of mind: and of them I would yet sacrifice one to the gods, as a grateful offering for my happiness.

*Dametus.* This place presents nothing but hideous images. Come with me, Milon; I will show thee a more glorious monument, that of an honest man—of my father. It was

rais'd by his own hands. In the mean time, Alexis, thou wilt guard our flocks.

*Milon.* I will gladly go with thee to celebrate the memory of thy father. His rectitude is still revered, even in the most distant villages.

*Dametus.* Come on, my friend; let us take the path that goes across the meadow. We shall pass by the god Terminus, crown'd with hop leaves, and the fruitful vine.

They went thither. On the right hand of the path lay a mead, whose grass rose to the waist: on the left, a field of corn, whose ears wav'd o'er their heads. The path led them to the peaceful shade of the most beautiful fruit-trees, which surrounded a spacious and pleasant cottage. Dametus placed a table under one of the most spreading trees, and on it set a basket of fresh-gather'd fruit, and a pitcher fill'd with new-made wine.

*Milon.* Tell me, Dametus, where is the monument consecrated to thy father's memory? that I may pour the first cup of this wine to the manes of that virtuous man!

*Dametus.* Behold it here, my friend. Pour it under this peaceful shade. All that you see is the monument of his virtue. This country was a waste; it was his labour that fertilized these fields; his hands planted these fruitful trees. We, his children, and

our latest posterity, shall bless his ashes ; and they who partake with us the fruits of his labours, will, with us, bless his memory. The prosperity of the upright man remains upon our fields, our tranquil roofs, and us.

*Milon.* Just and beneficent man ! Let this cup of wine, I here pour fourth, be offer'd to thy memory ! To leave a virtuous family in abundance, and to do good, even after our decease, can there be a monument more respectable, and more dear to humanity.

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## IRIS AND EGLA.

EGLA.

THE air continues burning hot, though the sun already inclines toward the horizon. All the plants still languish. Come, Iris, let us go down to the side of the river. The little silver waves play against the bank, and those bowers offer us the most refreshing shelter.

*Iris.* Go on, Egla ; I will follow thee. Go a little before ; the boughs beat in my face.

*Egla.* How transparent are these waters ! one may see the smallest pebble at the bottom ! How gently the stream glides o'er the gravelly bed ! Now I swear by the nymphs,



I will here leave my garments, and plunge, even to my bosom, in the delicious flood.

*Iris.* But if any one should come! If we shou'd be seen!

*Egla.* There is no path that leads to this bank. This fruitful tree, that seems to have left the rank to bend its spreading branches o'er the flood—this tree will cover us with its thickest shade. We are here concealed in a verdant grot that no mortal eye can penetrate. These branches, that the zephyrs gently wave, open but by intervals to admit the tender rays of day, then sudden close again.

*Iris.* Well Egla, what thou darest, I also dare.

The shepherdesses laid their garments at the foot of the tree, and, seiz'd with a gentle shuddering, they entered the lambent flood. The waves surrounded first their curvated knees, but soon their alabaster bosoms lav'd. They then seated themselves on the stones that the stream had left near its banks.

*Egla.* Iris, I feel a gaiety of heart! my spirits are all alert! What shall we do? Let us sing some pretty songs.

*Iris.* Can you think of it? Would you that they hear us from the neighbouring hills?

*Egla.* Well then let us talk softly. What must we do? Tell me some story.

*Iris.* A story!

*Egla.* Yes, some secret and diverting history.—You tell first, and I will tell one after, in my turn.

*Iris.* I know one that is pleasant enough; but——

*Egla.* *Iris*, be assured, these leaves are not more secret than am I.

*Iris.* Well, then. The other day I was coming down the hill, driving my sheep to the pasture that borders on the sea. There is, you know, a large cherry-tree that stands on the side of the hill.—While I was—— But am I not a fool thus to disclose my greatest secret?

*Egla.* O shall not I recount thee also the most hidden secret of my heart?

*Iris.* Well. Whilst I descended the solitary path, I heard, on a sudden, a charming voice, that sung the sweetest tune. Surpriz'd, and fearful, I stopp'd! I looked round me, but could not perceive any body! Upon my word, not any one! I continued my course, and came still nearer and nearer to the voice. I advanced still further; then it was behind me; for I had pass'd the cherry-tree, and from its clustering top it was that the melodious accents came. But what it sung! Oh, that I can never dare to tell, though I have not forgot the least syllable.

*Egla.* You must absolutely tell me. Under these secret shades there can be no mystery, and young maidens, when they bathe, tell all.

*Iris.* Well, then, I consent—But is it right thus to repeat the praise of ourselves? 'Tis true, we know that shepherds, when they praise us, keep no bounds. As I descended the hill—I feel the colour glow in my cheeks—the voice thus sung :

“Who is that beauty whose shape is so elegant, and her gait so noble? Tell me, soft zephyrs, you who wanton in her looks, and in the folds of her floating robe. Who is she? Is it one of the graces? Ah! if it be, 'tis the most young and beauteous of them all.

“How the flow'ry sprigs of trefoil and of thyme softly bend to the impression of her steps! How the blue-bells and the sky-ting'd cyanus, that line the border of the path, incline their heads to kiss her lovely feet. I will pluck those flowers that kiss thy feet, and bend beneath thy steps, and of them form two garlands. One shall crown my brows, and the other will I offer to the god of love.

“With what a timid air her black and lovely eyes survey the country round! O fear nothing. I am no vulture; my songs contain no fatal omens. Oh, that I could utter



sounds so sweet as might suspend thy steps ! Why are not my notes as enchanting as the linner's, and melodious as Philomela's in the loveliest night of May ? Has not her beauty more charms for me than the spring has for the nightingale, and for all the birds with which the groves resound ?

“ What fearest thou ? Rather deign to check thy steps. Ye roses wild, turn aside your thorns, lest they wound her tender feet ; but cou'd you lightly catch her robe, how pleasing would it be, some moments longer to detain the beauteous maid ! But alas, her steps she hastens. The tender zephyrs, who seem to feel my pains, in vain oppose her flight. Her robe alone still flows behind. Cruel ! thyself they cannot stop.

“ Of the most lovely fruit that this tree bears, I will a basket fill ; and when at night, the moon resplendent shines, I will suspend it to thy window. If thou deign'st to accept my present, of all the shepherds of these parts I shall be most blest. Thou flyest ! those trees will soon quite hide thee from my sight. I still behold the last fold of thy robe. But, alas ! now, even now, the extremity of thy shadow disappears.”

Thus sung the shepherd. With down-cast eyes I pursued the path, yet stole a look at the top of the tree, but its leaves were so

thick, I could discover no one. You may guess, Egla, if I slept that night. I soon perceived a young shepherd fix a basket to the bars of my window; for the moon, that shone extremely bright, reflected his shadow on my couch. I blush'd, and my bosom panted. But, when the young shepherd was gone—was it not right to be sure I did not dream?—I went softly to the window, and all trembling, I took the little basket. It was fill'd with the fairest cherries! Never have I tasted any so delicious! With the cherries there were rose-buds, and leaves of myrtle. Yes, dear Egla—but who this shepherd was, that thy curiosity shall not yet know.

*Egla.* Dost thou think I would ask thee? Was ever any one so mysterious? You will not tell me then that it was my brother and that the basket he hung at thy window was a present I made him that very day? O, you are confounded—a blush, more lovely than that of blooming roses, spreads o'er thee, from where the waves play against thy bosom to the locks of hair that crown thy forehead. You look on the water. Embrace me, dearest Iris! Love my brother: I already regard thee as my sister.

*Iris.* Should I have told thee my greatest secret, Egla, if I did not love thee as myself?

*Egla.* Well, be not concerned for thy confidence; I will now tell thee also the greatest secret of my heart. The first of May my father made a sacrifice to the god Pan. He invited to the feast his friend Menalcus, who brought with him Daphnis, his youngest son. During the sacrifice Daphnis play'd on two flutes; and you know, Iris, that no shepherd plays with greater skill. His hair, of a pale burnish'd gold, flow'd in curls upon his robe, more white than is the snow. Dress'd for the feast, he appeared all lovely as the youthful god of Delos. When the sacrifice was over, we went——But hark——I hear a noise in the grove—it comes nearer to us!

*Iris.* Hark!—Yes, it comes nearer still. O nymphs protect us! Quickly let us take our garments, and fly to yonder grotto.

The affrighted shepherdesses fled, like two doves whom the hawk rapidly pursues through the mid air. It was, however, nothing but a fawn, timid as themselves, who came to quench his thirst in the refreshing stream.



*MENALCUS AND ALEXIS.*

**MENALCUS** was old. Fourscore years had already bow'd his head. The silver hairs shadow'd his forehead, and a snowy beard flow'd o'er his breast. A staff secur'd his tottering steps. As he who after the labours of a fair summer's day, in the cool evening sits down content, and thanks the gods, waiting for peaceful slumbers—so Menalcus consecrated the remainder of his days to repose, and to the worship of the gods; for he had pass'd his life in labour and beneficence, and therefore, tranquil and resign'd, he waited for the slumbers of the grave.

Menalcus saw blessings diffused among his children. He had given them numerous flocks, and fruitful pastures. Full of tender anxiety, they each one strove to cheer his latter days, and to repay the cares he had taken of their tender years. 'Tis a duty that the gods never leave unrecompensed. Often, seated at his cottage-door, in the sun's gentle warmth, he survey'd his gardens, cultivated with the greatest care, and far distant off the labours and the riches of the fields. With an affable and courteous air, he engaged the passenger to sit down by him; gladly he heard the news of neighbouring villages, and was pleased to learn of strangers the manners and the customs of far distant countries.

His children and his childrens' children, came playing about him; the most delightful amusement of his age. The judge of their diversions, he decided their trifling disagreements. He taught them to be just, mild, and compassionate to men, and to the least of animals. With the various sports he learnt them, still he mix'd some simple and affecting truth. He made for them the instruments of their diversi-

ons. They came incessantly crying to him—O, now make us this—and then that. When they had got them, they threw their arms around his neck; they leap'd for joy, while the old man smil'd at their transports. He taught them to cut the reeds into pipes and whistles. He instructed them to call the sheep and goats to the pasture, and back again to the fold. He composed songs for them, which were sung by the youngest, accompanied on the pipe by the eldest. At other times, he told them some affecting story; then they all sat round him on the ground, or on the threshold of the door, with their mouths half open, and their eyes fix'd upon his lips.

One day, as he was sitting at the entrance of his cottage, refreshing himself in the morning sun, no one was with him but his grandson Alexis. The lovely youth had not yet seen fourteen winters. The roses of the spring of life and health bloom'd on his cheeks, while locks of gold flow'd o'er his shoulders. The old man entertained him with discourses on the happiness of doing good to mankind, and of relieving the indigent. There is no pleasure, he said, can equal that we feel after a virtuous action. The brilliant charms of aurora—the sweet setting of the sun—the moon, that pierces through the sable veil of night—all fill the heart with delicious sensations. But that which beneficence inspires—O, my son, is far, far more delicious! Tears of joy and tenderness bedew'd the cheeks of young Alexis. The old man saw them with transport—You weep, my child, he said, fixing his eyes tenderly on him; surely my discourse alone could not cause these tears! There is something in thy heart that makes them flow.

Alexis wip'd the drops from his rosy cheeks—but his eyes still fill'd with fresh tears. O, I know

—yes, I feel that nothing is so sweet as doing good.

Menalcus was affected; he press'd the youth's hand in his, and said—I see by thy countenance, I read in thine eyes, that thy mind is affected, and that it is not merely by what I have said.

The young shepherd, abash'd, turned away his face. Was not your discourse affecting enough to cover my cheeks with tears?

I see, my child, replied Menalcus—I see that you hide from me, perhaps for the first time, that which makes thy bosom pant, and even now stands upon thy lips.

Well, then, said Alexis, restraining his tears, I will tell you all; which, but for you, I shou'd have conceal'd for ever at the bottom of my heart.—Have I not learnt from you, that he who boasts of the good he does is but good by halves? It was for that reason I would have conceal'd from you what made my heart throb—what convinced me so pleasingly that the satisfaction of doing good is the most delicious pleasure of our lives. One of our sheep had stray'd; I went to seek it on the hills, when I heard a voice! I crept to the part from whence the voice came, and I perceived a man. He took from his shoulders a heavy burden, and, sighing, laid it on the ground. “I cannot—no, he said, I cannot go any further. How full of bitterness are my days! A scanty and wretched subsistence is all I obtain by my labour. Many hours have I wander'd, loaded with this burden, amidst the noon-day's heat, and I can find no spring to quench my thirst; no tree—not even a bush, whose fruit can refresh me. O gods! I see nothing all around me but frightful deserts—no path appears to lead me to my hut, and my totter-



ing knees cannot support me longer. Yet I will not murmur. Gods! you have always succour'd me." Thus lamenting, he laid himself, exhausted on his burden.

Then without being perceived, I ran with all my strength to our cottage. I instantly put in a basket fresh and dry fruits, and fill'd my largest flagon with milk. I flew back to the mountain, and again found the unhappy man. He was then in a peaceful slumber. Softly, quite softly, I approached him, set the basket and flagon of milk by his side, and hid myself behind the bushes. He soon awoke. What a sweet refreshment is sleep! he said; then looking on his burden—I will now try to carry thee further; for hast thou not served as a pillow to my head? Perhaps the gods will direct my steps, that I may soon hear the murmur of some fountain, or that I may find some cottage, whose hospitable master will receive me under his roof. At the moment he was taking up his load, he perceived the flagon and the basket! The burden fell from his hands!—Gods! he cried, what do I see!—Alas, my want disturbs my senses! I surely dream, and when I shall awake, all will vanish. But, no—I am awake!—O gods, it is no dream! He laid his hand upon the fruit—Yes, I am awake! What divinity, O what propitious power, hath wrought this miracle? To thee I pour the first drops of this milk, and to thee I consecrate these two apples, the fairest of the basket. Receive, O vouchsafe favourably to receive my grateful offering! Thou knowest the sincerity of my heart. He then sat down and eat, while tears of joy ran down his face. When he was refreshed, he rose, and offer'd his thanks once more to the power that had watch'd over him with so much goodness.

Or have the gods, he said, have they sent hither some beneficent mortal? Why can I not see and embrace him? Where art thou? Let me thank and bless thee. May the gods bless him! bless the generous man, all that are his, and all that is dear to him. I am satisfied! I will take with me these fruits; my wife and children shall eat of them, and bless, with me, our unknown benefactor. He went his way, and I wept for joy.

I then ran through the bushes, that I might get before him. I sat myself down on the side of the road through which he must pass. He came, he saluted me, and said—"My son, hast thou seen any one on these mountains bearing a flagon, and a basket of fruit?—No, I have seen no one on these mountains bearing a flagon and a basket of fruit. But, I said, how came you in this desert? You must have surely lost your way! There is no path that leads hither. Alas! my child, he said, yes, I did unluckily lose my way, and if some beneficent deity, or if it were a mortal, the gods bless him; if some beneficent power had not saved me, I should have perished of hunger and thirst on these mountains."—Let me shew thee thy way. Give me thy burden, that I may carry it, and thou wilt more easily follow me. After refusing a long time, he gave me the burden, and I conducted him to the road that leads to his cottage. This, my father, is what makes me still weep with joy. What I did cost me little trouble, yet every time I think on it, the remembrance delights me like the sweet morning air. How happy must he be who has done a great deal of good!

The old man embraced the youth with the sweetest transport of pleasure. Ah! now I shall descend, without regret, to the grave, since I leave behind me in my cottage piety and beneficence.

## THE TEMPEST.

MISIS and Lamon kept a herd of heifers on the promontory near where Tisernus rushes through its reedy bed into the bosom of the deep. A black tempest was gathering in the distant sky! A dreadful silence reign'd among the trees! The affrighted swallow and the halcyon flew dubious here and there. Already had the flocks quitted the mountain in search of shelter. The two shepherds remain'd alone to contemplate the approaching hurricane.

How terrible is this calm! said Lamon. Behold the setting sun retire behind those clouds, that rise upon the extremity of the ocean like towering mountains.

*Misis.* This black and boundless sea resembles the eternal night! It is yet tranquil. But to this fatal calm will soon succeed a horrid tempest? A hollow sound already fills the air. Thus, in some sudden calamity, the howlings of agony and terror are heard far off.

*Lamon.* Behold those mountain-clouds! How they slowly rise above each other. From out the abyss they rise, incessantly, more black and menacing.

*Misis.* The noise approaches and grows louder! Darkness covers the deep! The islands of Diomedes are already sunk in obscurity—they no more appear! The neighbouring pharos is only seen to glimmer amid the horrid gloom. But now the winds begin to roar! They rend the clouds asunder and drive them furious through the air: they rush against the waves, already white with foam.

*Lamon.* The tempest roars with all its fury! I like to contemplate its rage! There is I know not



what pleasure, mix'd with anxiety, that agitates my breast! Let us remain here. Shou'd we want a retreat, we have but to descend the mountain.

*Misis.* Lamon, I will stay with thee. The storm is now over our heads. The waves rush against the foot of the mountain, and the winds whistle through the tops of the trees.

*Lamon.* The lawless waves dash their foam against the skies! Now, like stupendous rocks, they rise, and now they dreadful rush again into the abyss! The lightning that plows the surface of the billows alone illuminates this scene of horror!

*Misis.* O immortal gods! A vessel!—suspended on that wave, like a bird upon the point of a rock. Heavens! it sinks! Where is the vessel! Where are the wretched mariners! Swallow'd up in the gulph of the sea!

*Lamon.* If my eyes deceive me not, the vessel appears again on that wave. Gods! save, O save the unhappy people! Ah! see, the wave that follows rushes with all its violence against them!—Unhappy men! what cou'd you seek, thus to quit your native soil, and trust yourselves to the most faithless of the elements! Did not your country produce fruits sufficient to appease your hunger? You seek for riches and you meet a miserable death!

*Misis.* In vain shall your parents, wives, and children, bedew the paternal shore with their tears. In vain shall they offer up vows for your safety on the altars of Neptune. Your tombs will remain empty. Your bodies will be devoured by the birds of prey on the sea-shore, or by the monsters of the deep. O gods! grant that I may for ever peacefully inhabit my humble cottage; and that, content with little, my field and flock may all my wants supply!

*Lamon.* Great gods! May I be punish'd, like these wretched men, if ever my heart murmurs—if ever I desire more than I now enjoy, subsistence and repose.

*Misis.* Let us go down. Perhaps the waves may cast some of these wretches on the shore. If they be yet alive, we shall have the consolation to save them. If they be dead, we shall at least appease their manes by giving them a peaceful grave.

They descended to the shore, and there found extended on the sand, a young man, beautiful as the son of Maia. Unable to recover him, they interred the body on the shore, shedding their tears over it. Among part of the wreck that was scatter'd on the strand, the shepherds found a casket fill'd with gold. What shall we do with this money? said Misis.

*Lamon.* Let us keep it; not to be rich ourselves—from that the gods preserve us! but to restore it to him that may claim it, or to give it them who want it more than we.

The treasure, useless and unknown to the avarice of men, remained along time in the hands of the two shepherds. They at last employ'd it in building a temple near the grave of the young man. Six columns of white marble, encircled by the ivy, adorn'd its front, and within was placed the statute of the god Pan. Sweet moderation! to thee, and to the god Pan, was this temple consecrated.

## MIRTIUS AND CHLOE.

EARLY in the morning, Mirtilus going out of the cottage, found Chloe, his youngest sister, busy in forming garlands of flowers. The dew glitter'd on the flowers, and, with the dew, was mix'd the tears of the little Chloe.

*Mirtilus.* Dear Chloe! what will you do with these garlands?—Alas? you weep!

*Chloe.* And don't you also weep, dear Mirtilus? But alas! who wou'd not weep like us! Did you observe our mother—in what distress she was! Before she left us, how she press'd our hands in her's, and turn'd away her eyes, that were fill'd with tears.

*Mirtilus.* I saw it as well as thee. Alas! our father! He is surely worse than he was yesterday.

*Chloe.* Ah! my brother, if he should die! How he loves us! What caresses he bestows upon us, when we do what he likes, and what is pleasing to the gods.

*Mirtilus.* O, my sister, how every thing is sorrowful! My lamb comes in vain to caress me; I almost forget to feed him. In vain my ring-dove flutters upon my shoulders, and strives to bill my lips and chin. Nothing—no, nothing can delight me now. O my father, if you die, I will die also.

*Chloe.* Alas! do you remember—five days ago, how our dear father took us both on his knees, and began to weep.

*Mirtilus.* Yes, Chloe—I do remember how he set us down, and turn'd pale!—I can hold you no longer, my children—I am ill—very ill. At those words he crept to his bed, and, from that day, he has been sick.



*Chloe.* And, from that day, his illness has continually encreased. I'll tell you what I design, my brother. At the break of day I came out of the cottage to gather fresh flowers, of which I have made these garlands. I am going to lay them at the feet of the statue of Pan. Does not our mother always tell us that the gods are good, and love to hear the vows of innocence? I will go; I will offer my garlands to the god Pan. And dost thou see in this cage, what is of all things most dear to me, my little bird—Well, then, I will sacrifice him also to the god.

*Mirtilus.* O, my dear sister! I will go with you—Stay, I pray you, an instant. I will go fetch my basket; it is full of the finest fruit; and my ring-dove, and I will sacrifice him also to the god Pan. He ran, and soon return'd. They then went together to the foot of the statue. It was situate not far off, upon a little hill in the midst of shady fir-trees. They knelt down, and thus invoked the god of the fields:

“O Pan, protector of our villages! hear, kindly hear our prayers, and receive our little offerings; they are all that children can offer to thee. I place these garlands at thy feet; if I could reach higher, I would with them crown thy head, and put them round thy shoulders. Save, O Pan!—save our father, and restore him to his poor children!”

*Mirtilus.* “I bring thee these fruits; they are the fairest I cou'd gather in our orchard. Receive them kindly. I would have sacrificed to thee the finest goat in the flock, but he was too strong for me. When I am bigger, I will sacrifice two every year to thee, for having restored our father to our prayers. Restore, gracious god!—restore to health the best of fathers!”

*Chloe.* “I will now sacrifice to thee this bird; O gracious god! it is of all things the most dear to

me. See, how it flies upon my hand to seek its food ; but I will, O Pan ? I will sacrifice it to thee."

*Mirtilus.* " And I will offer thee this ring-dove. It plays about and caresses me ; but I will, O Pan —I will sacrifice it to thee, that thou mayest restore our father to us ! Hear O Pan ! hear our prayers."

Their little trembling hands had already seized the victims, when a voice pronounc'd these words : —" The gods are pleas'd to hear the vows of innocence. Lovely children ! do not sacrifice what makes your greatest pleasure. Your father is restored to health."

Menalcus immediately recovered his health. Happy in the piety of his children, he went the same day, with all his family, to make an offering to the god : and liv'd, surrounded by prosperity, to see his childrens' children.













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Handwritten text, likely a signature or date, written in cursive script. The text is oriented upside down relative to the page's binding. It appears to read: "J. B. Smith" followed by a date "Nov 8/40".



